

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

#### CHAPTER VI. TRIUMPH.

THE dread Tribunal of five Judges, Public Prosecutor, and determined Jury, sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the gaolers of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard gaoler-joke was, "Come out and listen to the Evening Paper, you inside there!"

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay!"

So, at last, began the Evening Paper at La Force.

When a name was called, its owner stepped apart into a spot reserved for those who were announced as being thus fatally recorded. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, had reason to know the usage; he had seen hundreds pass away so.

His bloated gaoler, who wore spectacles to read with, glanced over them to assure himself that he had taken his place, and went through the list, making a similar short pause at each name. There were twenty-three names, but only twenty were responded to; for, one of the prisoners so summoned had died in gaol and been forgotten, and two had been already guillotined and forgotten. The list was read, in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival. Every one of those had perished in the massacre; every human creature he had since cared for and parted with, had died on the scaffold.

There were hurried words of farewell and kindness, but the parting was soon over. It was the incident of every day, and the society of La Force were engaged in the preparation of some games of forfeits and a little concert, for that evening. They crowded to the grates and shed tears there; but, twenty places in the projected entertainments had to be refilled, and the time was, at best, short to the lock-up hour, when the common rooms and corridors would be delivered over to the great dogs who kept watch there through the night. The prisoners were far from insensible or unfeeling; their ways arose out of the condition of the time. Similarly, though with a subtle difference, a species

of fervour or intoxication, known, without doubt, to have led some persons to brave the guillotine unnecessarily, and to die by it, was not mere boastfulness, but a wild infection of the wildly shaken public mind. In seasons of pestilence, some of us will have a secret attraction to the disease—a terrible passing inclination to die of it. And all of us have like wonders hidden in our breasts, only needing circumstances to evoke them.

The passage to the Conciergerie was short and dark; the night in its vermin-haunted cells was long and cold. Next day, fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned, and the trials of the whole occupied an hour and a half.

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay," was at length arraigned.

His Judges sat upon the Bench in feathered hats; but the rough red cap and tricolored cockade was the head-dress otherwise prevailing. Looking at the Jury and the turbulent audience, he might have thought that the usual order of things was reversed, and that the felons were trying the honest men. The lowest, cruelest, and worst populace of a city, never without its quantity of low, cruel, and bad, were the directing spirits of the scene: noisily commenting, applauding, disapproving, anticipating, and precipitating the result, without a check. Of the men, the greater part were armed in various ways; of the women, some wore knives, some daggers, some ate and drank as they looked on, many knitted. Among these last, was one, with a spare piece of knitting under her arm as she worked. She was in a front row, by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the Barrier, but whom he directly remembered as Defarge. He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear, and that she seemed to be his wife; but, what he most noticed in the two figures was, that although they were posted as close to himself as they could be, they never looked towards him. They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination, and they looked at the Jury, but at nothing else. Under the President sat Doctor Manette, in his usual quiet dress. As well as the prisoner could see, he and Mr. Lorry were the only men there, unconnected with the Tribunal, who wore their usual clothes, and had not assumed the coarse garb of the Camagnole.

Charles Evrémonte, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an aristocrat and an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of Death. It was nothing that the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree; he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

"Take off his head!" cried the audience. "An enemy to the Republic!"

The President rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not? the President desired to know.

Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country—he submitted before the word emigrant in its present acceptation by the Tribunal was in use—to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overlaid people of France.

What proof had he of this?

He handed in the names of two witnesses: Theophile Gabelle, and Alexandre Manette.

But he had married in England? the President reminded him.

True, but not an English woman.

A citizeness of France?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family?

"Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there."

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exaltation of the well-known good physician rent the hall. So capriciously were the people moved, that tears immediately rolled down several ferocious countenances which had been glaring at the prisoner a moment before, as if with impatience to pluck him out into the streets and kill him.

On these few steps of his dangerous way, Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette's reiterated instructions. The same cautious counsel directed every step that lay before him, and had prepared every inch of his road.

The President asked why had he returned to France when he did, and not sooner?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned; whereas, in England, he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back, to save a citizen's life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic?

The populace cried enthusiastically, "No!" and the President rang his bell to quiet them. Which it did not, for they continued to cry "No!" until they left off, of their own will.

The President required the name of that Citizen? The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the Barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the President.

The Doctor had taken care that it should be there—had assured him that it would be there—and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so. Citizen Gabelle hinted, with infinite delicacy and politeness, that in the pressure of business imposed on the Tribunal by the multitude of enemies of the Republic with which it had to deal, he had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the Abbaye—in fact, had rather passed out of the Tribunal's patriotic remembrance—until three days ago; when he had been summoned before it, and had been set at liberty on the Jury's declaring themselves satisfied that the accusation against him was answered, as to himself, by the surrender of the citizen Evrémonte, called Darnay.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression; but, as he proceeded, as he showed that the Accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment; that, the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile; that, so far from being in favour with the Aristocrat government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and a friend of the United States—as he brought these circumstances into view, with the greatest discretion and with the straightforward force of truth and earnestness, the Jury and the populace became one. At last, when he appealed by name to Monsieur Lorry, an English gentleman then and there present, who, like himself, had been a witness on that English trial and could corroborate his account of it, the Jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes if the President were content to receive them.

At every vote (the Jurymen voted aloud and individually), the populace set up a shout of applause. All the voices were in the prisoner's favour, and the President declared him free.

Then, began one of those extraordinary scenes with which the populace sometimes gratified their fickleness, or their better impulses towards generosity and mercy, or which they regarded as some set-off against their swollen account of cruel rage. No man can decide now to which of these motives such extraordinary scenes were referable; it is probable, to a blending of all the three, with the second predominating. No sooner was the acquittal pronounced, than tears were shed as freely as blood at another time, and such fraternal em-

braces were bestowed upon the prisoner by as many of both sexes as could rush at him, that after his long and unwholesome confinement he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion; none the less because he knew very well, that the very same people, carried by another current, would have rushed at him with the very same intensity, to rend him to pieces and strew him over the streets.

His removal, to make way for other accused persons who were to be tried, rescued him from these caresses for the moment. Five were to be tried together, next, as enemies of the Republic, forasmuch as they had not assisted it by word or deed. So quick was the Tribunal to compensate itself and the nation for a chance lost, that these five came down to him before he left the place, condemned to die within twenty-four hours. The first of them told him so, with the customary prison sign of Death—a raised finger—and they all added in words, “Long live the Republic!”

The five had had, it is true, no audience to lengthen their proceedings, for when he and Doctor Manette emerged from the gate, there was a great crowd about it, in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in Court—except two, for which he looked in vain. On his coming out, the concourse made at him anew, weeping, embracing, and shouting, all by turns and all together, until the very tide of the river on the bank of which the mad scene was acted, seemed to run mad, like the people on the shore.

They put him into a great chair they had among them, and which they had taken either out of the Court itself, or one of its rooms or passages. Over the chair they had thrown a red flag, and to the back of it they had bound a pike with a red cap on its top. In this car of triumph, not even the Doctor's entreaties could prevent his being carried to his home on men's shoulders, with a confused sea of red caps heaving about him, and casting up to sight from the stormy deep such wrecks of faces, that he more than once misdoubted his mind being in confusion, and that he was in the tumbrel on his way to the Guillotine.

In wild dreamlike procession, embracing whom they met and pointing him out, they carried him on. Reddening the snowy streets with the prevailing Republican colour, in winding and trampling through them, as they had reddened them below the snow with a deeper dye, they carried him thus into the court-yard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before, to prepare her, and when her husband stood upon his feet, she dropped insensible in his arms.

As he held her to his heart and turned her beautiful head between his face and the brawling crowd, so that his tears and her lips might come together unseen, a few of the people fell to dancing. Instantly, all the rest fell to dancing, and the court-yard overflowed with the Carmagnole. Then, they elevated into the vacant chair a young woman from the crowd to be carried as the Goddess of Liberty, and then, swelling and

overflowing out into the adjacent streets, and along the river's bank, and over the bridge, the Carmagnole absorbed them every one and whirled them away.

After grasping the Doctor's hand, as he stood victorious and proud before him; after grasping the hand of Mr. Lorry, who came panting in breathless from his struggle against the water-spout of the Carmagnole; after kissing little Lucie, who was lifted up to clasp her arms round his neck; and after embracing the ever zealous and faithful Pross who lifted her; he took his wife in his arms and carried her up to their rooms.

“Lucie! My own! I am safe.”

“O dearest Charles, let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to Him.”

They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts. When she was again in his arms, he said to her:

“And now speak to your father, dearest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me.”

She laid her head upon her father's breast as she had laid his poor head on her own breast, long, long ago. He was happy in the return he had made her, he was recompensed for his suffering, he was proud of his strength. “You must not be weak, my darling,” he remonstrated; “don't tremble so. I have saved him.”

#### CHAPTER VII. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

“I HAVE saved him.” It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back; he was really here. And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her.

All the air around was so thick and dark, the people were so passionately revengeful and fitful, the innocent were so constantly put to death on vague suspicion and black malice, it was so impossible to forget that many as blameless as her husband and as dear to others as he was to her, every day shared the fate from which he had been clutched, that her heart could not be as lightened of its load as she felt it ought to be. The shadows of the wintry afternoon were beginning to fall, and even now the dreadful carts were rolling through the streets. Her mind pursued them, looking for him among the Condemned; and then she clung closer to his real presence and trembled more.

Her father, cheering her, showed a compassionate superiority to this woman's weakness, which was wonderful to see. No garret, no shoemaking, no One Hundred and Five, North Tower, now! He had accomplished the task he had set himself, his promise was redeemed, he had saved Charles. Let them all lean upon him.

Their housekeeping was of a very frugal kind: not only because that was the safest way of life, involving the least offence to the people, but because they were not rich, and Charles, throughout his imprisonment, had had to pay heavily for his bad food, and for his guard, and towards the living of the poorer prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant;

the citizen and citizeness who acted as porters at the court-yard gate, rendered them occasional service; and Jerry (almost wholly transferred to them by Mr. Lorry) had become their daily retainer, and had his bed there every night.

It was an ordinance of the Republic One and Indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, that on the door or doopost of every house, the name of every inmate must be legibly inscribed in letters of a certain size, at a certain convenient height from the ground. Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name, therefore, duly embellished the doopost down below; and, as the afternoon shadows deepened, the owner of that name himself appeared, from overlooking a painter whom Doctor Manette had employed to add to the list the name of Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay.

In the universal fear and distrust that darkened the time, all the usual harmless ways of life were changed. In the Doctor's little household, as in very many others, the articles of daily consumption that were wanted, were purchased every evening, in small quantities and at various small shops. To avoid attracting notice, and to give as little occasion as possible for talk and envy, was the general desire.

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors; the former carrying the money; the latter, the basket. Every afternoon at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they fared forth on this duty, and made and brought home such purchases as were needful. Although Miss Pross, through her long association with a French family, might have known as much of their language as of her own, if she had had a mind, she had no mind in that direction; consequently she knew no more of "that nonsense" (as she was pleased to call it), than Mr. Cruncher did. So her manner of marketing was to plump a noun-substantive at the head of a shopkeeper without any introduction in the nature of an article, and, if it happened not to be the name of the thing she wanted, to look round for that thing, lay hold of it, and hold on by it until the bargain was concluded. She always made a bargain for it, by holding up, as a statement of its just price, one finger less than the merchant held up, whatever his number might be.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose eyes were red with felicity; "if you are ready, I am."

Jerry hoarsely professed himself at Miss Pross's service. He had worn all his rust off long ago, but nothing would file his spiky head down.

"There's all manner of things wanted," said Miss Pross, "and we shall have a precious time of it. We want wine, among the rest. Nice toasts these Redheads will be drinking, wherever we buy it."

"It will be much the same to your knowledge, miss, I should think," retorted Jerry, "whether they drink your health or the Old Un's."

"Who's he?" said Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher, with some diffidence, explained himself as meaning "Old Nick's."

"Ha!" said Miss Pross, "it doesn't need an interpreter to explain the meaning of these creatures. They have but one, and its Mid-night Murder, and Mischief."

"Hush, dear! Pray, pray, be cautious!" cried Lucie.

"Yes, yes, yes, I'll be cautious," said Miss Pross; "but I may say among ourselves, that I do hope there will be no oniony and tobaccoey smotherings in the form of embracings going on in the streets. Now, Ladybird, never you stir from that fire till I come back! Take care of the dear husband you have recovered, and don't move your pretty head from his shoulder as you have it now, till you see me again! May I ask a question, Doctor Manette, before I go?"

"I think you may take that liberty," the Doctor answered, smiling.

"For gracious' sake, don't talk about Liberty; we have quite enough of that," said Miss Pross.

"Hush, dear! Again?" Lucie remonstrated.

"Well, my sweet," said Miss Pross, nodding her head emphatically, "the short and the long of it is, that I am a subject of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Third;" Miss Pross curtseyed at the name; "and as such, my maxim is, Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save the King!"

Mr. Cruncher, in an access of loyalty, growlingly repeated the words after Miss Pross, like somebody at church.

"I am glad you have so much of the Englishman in you, though I wish you had never taken that cold in your voice," said Miss Pross, approvingly. "But the question, Doctor Manette. Is there?"—it was the good creature's way to affect to make light of anything that was a great anxiety with them all, and to come at it in this chance manner—"is there any prospect yet, of our getting out of this place?"

"I fear not yet. It would be dangerous for Charles yet."

"Heigh-ho-hum!" said Miss Pross, cheerfully repressing a sigh as she glanced at her darling's golden hair in the light of the fire, "then we must have patience and wait: that's all. We must hold up our heads and fight low, as my brother Solomon used to say. Now, Mr. Cruncher!—Don't you move, Ladybird!"

They went out, leaving Lucie, and her husband, her father, and the child, by a bright fire. Mr. Lorry was expected back presently from the Banking House. Miss Pross had lighted the lamp, but had put it aside in a corner, that they might enjoy the firelight undisturbed. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather with her hands clasped through his arm; and he, in a tone not rising much above a whisper, began to tell her a story of a great and powerful Fairy who had opened a prison-wall and let out a captive who had once done the Fairy a service.

All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been.

"What is that!" she cried, all at once.

"My dear!" said her father, stopping in his story, and laying his hand on hers, "command yourself. What a disordered state you are in! The least thing—nothing—startles you. *You*, your father's daughter?"

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, excusing herself, with a pale face and in a faltering voice, "that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as Death."

As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

"O father, father. What can this be! Hide Charles. Save him!"

"My child," said the Doctor, rising and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "I *have* saved him. What weakness is this, my dear! Let me go to the door."

He took the lamp in his hand, crossed the two intervening outer rooms, and opened it. A rude clattering of feet over the floors, and four rough men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

"The Citizen Evrémonte, called Darnay," said the first.

"Who seeks him?" answered Darnay.

"I seek him. We seek him. I know you, Evrémonte; I saw you before the Tribunal today. You are again the prisoner of the Republic."

The four surrounded him, where he stood with his wife and child clinging to him.

"Tell me how and why am I again a prisoner?"

"It is enough that you return straight to the Conciergerie, and will know to-morrow. You are summoned for to-morrow."

Dr. Manette, whom this visitation had so turned into stone, that he stood with the lamp in his hand, as if he were a statue made to hold it, moved after these words were spoken, put the lamp down, and confronting the speaker, and taking him, not ungently, by the loose front of his red woollen shirt, said:

"You know him, you have said. Do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you, Citizen Doctor."

"We all know you, Citizen Doctor," said the other three.

He looked abstractedly from one to another, and said, in a lower voice, after a pause:

"Will you answer his question to me? How does this happen?"

"Citizen Doctor," said the first, reluctantly; "he has been denounced to the Section of Saint Antoine. This citizen," pointing out the second who had entered, "is from Saint Antoine."

The citizen here indicated nodded his head, and added:

"He is accused by Saint Antoine."

"Of what?" asked the Doctor.

"Citizen Doctor," said the first, with his former reluctance, "ask no more. If the Republic demands sacrifices from you, without

doubt you as a good patriot will be happy to make them. The Republic goes before all. The People is supreme. Evrémonte, we are pressed."

"One word," the Doctor entreated. "Will you tell me who denounced him?"

"It is against rule," answered the first; "but you can ask Him of Saint Antoine here."

The Doctor turned his eyes upon that man who moved uneasily on his feet, pulled his beard a little, and at length said:

"Well! Truly it is against rule. But he is denounced—and gravely—by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other."

"What other?"

"Do you ask, Citizen Doctor?"

"Yes!"

"Then," said he of Saint Antoine, with a strange look, "you will be answered to-morrow. Now, I am dumb!"

#### ABOARD THE TRAINING SHIP.

H.M.S. BRITANNIA is now the scene of a very important experiment in naval education. On board that stately three-decker (superseded for sea-going purposes by the "screws" of the new era) all the youngsters appointed to her Majesty's Navy go through the preliminary instruction which is to fit them for active service. The experiment is new; and, before observing its method of working, let us glance at the state of things which it is intended to supersede.

Under the old régime, and during the ascendancy of what may be called the Benbow Tradition, naval education—in the modern sense—was a thing unknown. Active service was an education in itself in those days, when science was young, when literature was little regarded afloat, and when practical seamanship and simple gunnery constituted the main requirements of naval life. A boy entering upon this career was expected to know little, and knew little accordingly. What he did learn was acquired by experience, and experience was constantly enriched by war. Excepting here and there a great man like Lord Collingwood, who was prompted by the instinct of a fine genius to make himself accomplished on a liberal scale, the old school of naval officers were non-scientific, and, we may add without offence, illiterate. The practical results of astronomy, and the sciences on which navigation is based, they applied by the good old rule of thumb; and they were contented, for the simple reason, that the age really required no more. If the island was guarded, and the seas ruled, what more did they want? What more would the country have? So thought the fine old Commodore Trannion, in whom our great-grandfathers took such delight, and who were so far from being painfully sensitive of their deficiency in all but practical technical knowledge, that they rather despised everything that lay out of its range. In their eyes, the sea did not exist for the sake of the

land, but the land for the sake of the sea; it was on the whole contemptible to be ignorant as to all things nautical, but by no means so to be unacquainted with everything else.

The solid and splendid qualities of these veterans did so much for England, that it is not without tenderness that one bids their ideas good-by. But times and the peace spared nobody, and for thirty or forty years the story of the British navy has been the story of change. The world drew the service closer to it when it wanted it no longer for blockades and for convoys, and the new generations coming up modified the personnel of the profession. Then came steam, and improvements in the service of war, and discoveries (represented by names like that of the American Maury), opening to us newer and grander views of the laws of winds and ocean-currents, and the great mysteries of the deep. Meanwhile, book-knowledge of all kinds kept spreading itself through English life, and modifying it in every muscle and fibre. The service was clearly changing in spite of itself, as spontaneous adoptions of new manners and ideas showed. Was the new age to be recognised formally by the governing system of the service, or was the service to be left to itself? Here was the question, looked at for a time only by our Admiralties, presently handled with more or less of decisiveness, at last partially answered by the adoption of the training-ship system, and other innovations of which we here purpose to speak. They did not set about answering it a bit too soon, for both France and Russia had shown their appreciation of its importance in a sufficiently explicit manner.

What, then, was the duty to be carried out in reforming our naval education? Simply this: the establishment of a higher scale of attainments among our officers, by tests on entry, increased instruction, and repeated examinations. The necessity of the case admitted of no question, and not of much delay. Refuse to see that it was necessary to know more than Truncheon, and what right had you to expect superiority over enemies more accomplished than his?

So, to begin with, the Admiralty very properly increased, a few years back, the difficulty of the preliminary examination for youngsters joining. It was a farce, within the memory and experience of those who are still young men. You went on board the Guardship with your respectable parent or other persons; and full of the natural wonder of boyhood, found yourself in the ward-room. You were then asked to write a sentence or so of your mother-tongue, and if that was achieved respectably, you had "passed." For a gentleman's son *à* 13-14, such a standard of acquirements was indeed ludicrous. There is a vast improvement in this point just now. The aspiring lad must now present himself at the Naval College (Portsmouth), and satisfy his examiners, not merely that he can write English, but that he can read, translate, and parse an

easy passage either from a Latin or French author; that he knows the leading facts of Scripture and English history; that he has some acquaintance with modern geography, arithmetic, algebra, and the first book of Euclid. Considering that every likely lad begins to learn at six, and that the navy is officered from well-to-do families, with the means of educating their children, we cannot say that this is too much to expect from boys twelve to fourteen. Yet a fourth part of those who come up are regularly "plucked." Do we lose much by those who finally fail to enter on such terms? We do, perhaps, lose some brave fellows who might prove good officers of a kind; but that (the test being known beforehand) we lose any number of superior capacities, is highly improbable. The answer to those who tell us that Nelson might have "missed stays" at such an examination, is, that a lad of his brains and ambition would have prepared himself, had he known there was such an inevitable trial to pass through before his early activity could get its "chance."

Once passed, the youngster is sent on board the training-ship *Britannia* for six, nine, or twelve months, according as his age varies from fourteen and a half to thirteen years.

The training-ship system was established by Admiralty Circular on the first of September, 1857, and first brought into play on board the *Illustrious*. That vessel was superseded by the larger and more convenient *Britannia*, under the same captain—Captain Harris—"the right man in the right place," says the "*Naval Peer*," emphatically; an officer, in fact, of a great deal of active service and experience, with all the knowledge, tact, and temper necessary for a post not only difficult but delicate. Let us go on board the *Britannia*, look about us a little, and try and form a clear notion of the work going on there.

On reaching the upper deck (we have entered at the middle deck, as is the way in three-deckers) the first thing that seizes one's attention is a bevy of lads exercising. Clad in blue frocks and blanket trousers, these youngsters are learning to reef and furl sails, some on the mizen-topsail yard, and some on the "monkey-yard" rigged for the purpose. As there is a youngster to every "top" in her Majesty's ships, whose business it is to see the men do their work aloft, the advantage of this exercise (to say nothing of its healthfulness) is obvious. Accidents, meanwhile—for the lads are very young—are provided against by a friendly netting across the poop, which would break your fall if you came from ever so far. A portion of the whole cadets now on board—a hundred and sixteen—are always at "exercise," while the other portion is at "study." For they are divided into watches and classes, each of which takes its turn at the various occupations which fill up the seven hours and a half of daily work. The general routine of the training-ship, it may be as well to state here, is as follows:

6 A.M. Lash up hammocks. (To every three

cadets there is one marine servant, who "does for them" in matters of toilet, &c.) When the hammocks are stowed, prayers are read.

8 A.M. Breakfast.

8.30. Divisions. (Inspectional muster.)

9. Instruction. Deck and practical work commences, such as we have just had a glimpse of.

12.15 P.M. Dinner. (N.B. No wine allowed, and no smoking.)

1.30. Instructions resumed.

5.30. Tea.

6.45 to 8.15. Study.

9.30. Turn in.

In the evening, there is a period of that reasonable old nautical saturnalia known as "skylarking." The rigging—away to the dizziest heights—is dotted with climbing lads, who vie with each other in feats of "pluck," and acquire coolness, readiness, suppleness, and nerve thereby.

Before strolling round the decks, it will be convenient to observe that the "staff of instruction" consists of two lieutenants, four naval instructors (a functionary one of whom is appointed to every large ship, and is often also a chaplain into the bargain), and two assistant-instructors, with French and drawing masters (unattached), who are engaged for their own branches. Knowledge of a more strictly technical kind is also provided for, there being instruction given in knotting, sword-exercise, and swimming.

In making the round of the ship, one observes that every part of it is devoted to some special purpose. Having left one batch of boys working in the rigging, you enter a cabin, and find two tables lined by other lads, half of whom are learning drawing, and the other half French. One master, pencil in hand, glides round his pupils, corrects his tottering tower, or perfects the line of his dubious topsail, and shows him what a difference skill and care make. The other takes up a youth's imperfectly pronounced French, and rings the word (so to speak) before him with the true ring of the five-franc piece; or points out its exact force in relation to the corresponding word of our native tongue. The youngsters themselves, perhaps, on the whole, the most pushing lads of their respective families (for the navy is essentially a younger son's profession), are healthy, bright, delicately-nurtured lads, scions many of them of houses that have been heard of in England long before their day. If any of them find the routine irksome at present, the best of them will be thankful for it by-and-by.

Descending from the upper to the main-deck, we find the forward part of it devoted to the messing and sleeping of the "novices." The reader has not yet heard of them; but they form an important part of the new system, and shall have a brief digression to themselves:

The novices, then, are such landsmen as, choosing to volunteer for the purpose (head-quarters or rendezvous, the Earl St. Vincent, Common Hard, Portsea), are taken on board

the *Britannia* to be fitted for sea-going ships. They are the raw material of seamen, and the *Britannia* works them up into the desired article. They come from various classes of the population, a good many from the agricultural districts, which supplies the best of them. The novices are kept altogether apart from the cadets, occupy their own portions of the vessel, and are subjected to their own special regulations. There are three hundred novices of the average age of twenty-one years; but this number varies according as the Admiralty is pressed or not pressed in the manning department. Their instruction consists of: 1. Gun exercise and handspike drill; 2. Boat exercise; 3. Cutlass exercise; 4. The Second Instructions of the Excellent gunnery drill; 5. Exercising sails; 6. Knotting and splicing; 7. Heaving the lead; 8. The Manual. The time during which a novice remains a novice is six months, of which two are spent at sea in the *Britannia's* tender, a brig mentioned in our sketch of Portsmouth. When this experience has been gone through, he is transferred to some vessel in active service, as what is called an ordinary seaman, a rank below the time-honoured able-bodied seaman. Undoubtedly, six months must do a good deal for him; but if the time could be extended, we think it ought to be. From land-life to sea-life is a great revolution at twenty years of age.

The middle deck, to which we pass from that above it, is a general exercising deck—one, where the duties of a man-of-war's gun-deck are practically taught. The after part is devoted to the cadets, the forward part to the novices. Here is a school for the "boys" (seamen in embryo, of whom the "*Britannia*" has also some), and an airy, cheerful-looking "sick bay," or hospital, for the sick. Here, too, you see sundry models of the more important portions of a ship, conveniently placed for the teaching of youth. A bowsprit, accurately rigged in miniature, meets your eye in one spot; and every detail of the rigging of a bowsprit can be learned from this pretty model. By the way, why should not inventors in nautical matters—those ingenious gentlemen who are always producing new anchors, new kinds of rope, &c.—send some specimen of their work on board the *Britannia*? She would serve as a Great Exhibition for them, and they would exercise an educational influence on her. Let us hope that if any of these useful, and, we fear, ill-treated worthies, should read this article, they will consider our hint.

Another downward movement, viâ the hatchway ladder, and we are on the last of the gun-deck, the lower-deck. This is wholly devoted to the cadets. In the fore part many of them sleep, and, the hammocks out of the way, they "skylark" ad libitum. In the central portion is their mess-room, and aft, a schoolroom. There is only one stage more to go, and, in reaching the "orlop-deck," we exhaust them all. This deck lies below the water-line, and, in its regular state, comprises the cockpit, cable-

tiers, &c. In the *Britannia*, it is a sleeping-place for a part of the cadets; it contains a capital room for their washing hands, &c.; and, also, it is occupied by their chests. Whole rows of these square solid structures are there, with their little looking-glasses inside the lid, their pewter basins, and so forth; for a mid's chest is his all in all, the embodiment of his worldly wealth, and the indispensable source of his personal splendour, as important to him as shell to snail or stomach to camel!

The *Britannia*, our reader sees, like a beehive, has its own place and duty for every busy bee. All in order, regularity, and punctuality. To say that a beautiful cleanliness prevails everywhere is a mere matter of course, but one especially remarks the perfect ventilation, which is so managed that there is fresh air everywhere.

The education of our cadets is of a double character on board the training ship, and the two kinds succeed one another, thus varying and so lightening the indispensable routine. The practical part comprises seamanlike exercises; the scientific part, navigation, drawing, French, and such intellectual constituents of education. Meanwhile, this double activity, sweetened all through by the friendships and frolic natural to the age and mode of existence of the youngsters, all goes on under the discipline proper to a man-of-war, which, however genially and graciously administered, cannot be too rarely made familiar to those who are to comply with discipline through life. The training-ship, in short, is school and ship in one, and must give a colour to a youth's whole career. Under the old system, entering, perhaps, without any education worth having, the youngster picked up his knowledge the best way he could, and scrambled through life with no more accomplishments than would have done for the skipper of a Baltic lime-sloop. Different ideas prevail, we can assure our readers, in the services inspired by the teachings of the Prince de Joinville and the Duke Constantine, and we must meet them on the new ground laid out for us by the progress of time and change.

We have mentioned the nature of the studies on board the *Britannia*. We may add that lectures bearing on professional subjects are delivered occasionally, and that the ship is well supplied with the books, charts, and other collateral material of instruction.

One or two points connected with this experiment deserve particular notice. Could not the Admiralty contrive to lengthen the period of study in the Training Ship (which, in some cases, as we have said, only amounts to three months), and thus secure a real good groundwork for young officers of professional knowledge? When we remember the amount of training which goes to laying the foundations of a scholar, a divine, a lawyer, in this country, ought there to be such a huge disparity between it and the similar process in the case of a naval officer? Again, by existing regulations, any period passed in the Training Ship—say

twelve months, for instance—only counts for three months in an officer's "time;" that is, in the five years which he must serve before passing for lieutenant. Is it politic to place time passed in so important a course of study in a position of such inferiority?

Some years must elapse before the full effects of the Training Ship appear in the general character of the profession. Already, however, some of its alumni have been declared by experienced officers serving afloat to "rank with their best midshipmen." It will amuse the public, in the mean time, to hear that the entire experiment has been steadily pooh-poohed, from the beginning, by certain old stagers—Benbow men—the "old school, sir"—"no nonsense, sir," class of worthies. "They don't require to be educated, sir," says Admiral Rubadub; "let them rough it—send 'em to sea, sir!" and he closes with the accustomed oath of his ancestors. The one answer to the old gentleman is, that we have no choice in the matter; that the course of events, which no Admiralty can control, has made a high education for our naval officers necessary; and that necessity has no law.

In order to prevent what has been acquired in the *Britannia* from being lost to the cadet afterwards, the Admiralty has not only established quarterly examinations on board that ship, but has increased the number and strictness of the youngsters' subsequent examinations afloat. Formerly, having "passed" into the service in the manner sketched above, by writing a sentence, you were not disturbed for two years, when you went through an examination (a little Euclid, algebra, &c.) not more severe than the new "matriculation" one. Four years more rolled by, and you "passed" for lieutenant, in a milder manner, as regarded science at all events, than is now known.

We have changed all that. After passing out of the "training ship" and making up eighteen months' time, our ingenious youth passes for midshipman, his first transition out of the condition of cadet. Here, he must show that he has kept up his knowledge, anyhow. He must be able to do "a day's work" (in navigation) by tables, and to "find the latitude," to use the sextant and azimuth compass; he must produce his log-book; and prove his acquaintance with the handling of boats. In another eighteen months, another examination waits him; and this time he is expected to stand some testing in charts, the steam-engine, and French. Finally, after five years' complete "time," and supposing him to be nineteen (a regulation naturally grumbled at by those who enter before fourteen), he comes to the great trial of all. He appears, first, before the time-honoured tribunal (familiar to all readers of naval novels) of three captains, who try him in seamanship. Next, he goes on board the Excellent gunnery-ship at Portsmouth, to pass in gunnery. And lastly, he takes up his quarters at the Naval College, Portsmouth (an institution which has done much

good in its day) to undergo his closing torture by being examined in navigation. If he aspires, however, to command a steamer, he must go through a special examination at that same college in the mysteries of steam. These various provisions have made naval life (by the general consent of her Majesty's loyal midshipmen) a much more troublesome business than it was twenty years ago. But the destinies are inexorable, and the Admiralty cannot but imitate them. After a certain amount of "plucking" you are pronounced unfit for her Majesty's Service, and turned loose, a bare biped, in the world. (What would have become of Rubadub, if his youth had fallen on these atrocious times? A solemn thought!) On the other hand, our friend is better off in important respects than he would have been at the same age twenty years ago. Promotion from mate (that is, passed midshipman) to lieutenant, is more rapid than it was. Employment as lieutenant is more easily obtained than it was. "Interest" still tells, of course. But the epoch is so serious, and a rascally press so pertinacious, that even in this ingrained abuse—the abuse of patronage—signs of improvement appear. We have even heard of Lords of the Admiralty being driven to ask good officers to open the Navy List and point out a capable man for the command of a ship there, without any reference to his "interest" whatsoever! Naval men have a kind word for Sir John Pakington in this line. May we live to see the day when such conduct will not be thought remarkable!

All that the system of the training-ship wants, is extension to the utmost convenient limits, so that its full effects may be felt. We entertain no doubt ourselves, from what we have seen and heard of it, that it will prove of the very highest benefit to the navy, and that the date of Captain Harris's hoisting his pendant on board the *Illustrious* will, by-and-by, prove to have been the inauguration of a new era in naval education. But we are even more sanguine than this; and we have notions on this same subject of naval education which, if they should ever reach the ears of Admiral Rubadub, will considerably aggravate that veteran's gout. We want to see not only navigation, gunnery, and such sciences—including naval strategy and manœuvring—more thoroughly and universally known afloat, but a degree of accomplishment reached, which has hitherto only been talked of as something afar off, in the most advanced circles. Many duties, other than professional, devolve on naval commanders—diplomatic, political, and social duties, of the highest consequence. Fancy all the delicate work belonging to the admiral or senior squadron officer on the coast of Italy, just now; or in China, just now; or in Central America, among susceptible Yankees, bastard Spanish republics, and occasional filibusters! Difficulties are not to be met in these times by mere headstrong Truncheonisms, which might compromise the peace of Europe. Ought not a naval officer to know something of international law—of public treaties—of the historical rela-

tions of his own country with other countries, for some generations back? Ought not he to be capable of conducting an intricate negotiation, either orally or with the pen? It is true that there always have been, and that there still are, some officers to whom all this knowledge and ability may be justly attributed; not only, however, are such men few, but they have become what they were and are, totally independent of professional encouragement in such walks. Might not the authorities fairly recognise studies such as we have alluded to, and aim at their propagation by well-considered measures? The natural time to take them up, thoroughly, would be when the ordinary professional course was run through—when the midshipman had ripened into mate, and was expecting to be, or had just begun to be—lieutenant. What if voluntary examinations were instituted in these higher subjects for young men from four or five-and-twenty to thirty, and if proficiency were rewarded by early promotion to commands? We must have younger men in commands than we have had lately; and great part of the invidiousness of promotion would be obviated by a judicious introduction of the principle of competition. The navy is a generous profession, and honours work; and anyway, nothing can be more generally repulsive, disheartening, and ignoble than favouritism.

Those who form their notions of sea-life from the sea-novels of half a century since, will probably smile at the idea of learned study afloat. But on the whole—and we speak from some personal experience—life on shipboard is very favourable to reading. The long watches below, the solitude of a cabin, even the quieter hours of a berth or gunroom, admit of ample converse with the books; and the hours quietly spent on deck in the presence, at once soothing and solemn, of the grand old sea itself, are equally encouraging to him who would digest and assimilate what books teach. But this is not all. A naval officer enjoys many other advantages favourable to his intellectual culture. He visits some of the most important and attractive cities of the world. He has access to the people best worth knowing in them all. To-day, he is anchored off a Greek island, where there has just been dug up a handful of coins of the age of Alexander. To-morrow, he smokes a pipe with a pasha, who is secretly meditating a revolt against the Sublime Porte. In a few weeks, he will be carrying a British Minister on a special mission. In a year or two, he will be opening up an island in the Indian Archipelago to the commerce of Europe. Nothing but the stupidest misinterpretation of traditions can make out such a career to be anything but essentially intellectual, and worthy of all the culture and the grace which can be brought to it by the widest literary resources. If we are—as it is excusable in us to believe—naturally superior to our naval rivals, let our superiority now take this form. The time is come for it to do so, and foreigners are intensely anxious to see how we mean to meet the new era. Once true, in the largest

sense, to ourselves, we need not fear either criticism or rivalry from any quarter whatever; and, on the whole, one leaves the training-ship Britannia with the comfortable consciousness that something good is being done there; that there are being laid the foundations of work not unworthy of our ancient naval renown.

### NOT A WHITECHAPEL NEEDLE.

In a ditch at Alexandria there is lying one of the greatest curiosities in the world. It is the property of the British nation; but the British nation in general does not seem to care about it. The case is different, however, with some sections of the British public who pass through Egypt in their passage to or from India or Australia: the majority bring away a portion of this curiosity: it being nothing more or less than Cleopatra's Needle.

There it lies in a ditch, the butt end of the shaft embedded in the earth. The last time the writer saw it (not very long ago), a Briton was sitting upon it, knocking off enough of the inscribed stone for himself and fellow travellers with a hammer. The writer expostulated with his brother Briton, and reminded him that that wonderful relic of bygone days did not belong to him, but had been handsomely presented to the British nation, and therefore belonged to it. "Well, I know it does," he answered, "and as one of the British nation I mean to have my share."

An officer of the Bengal Engineers, who was coming home on sick leave, protested that the removal of the needle to England was not only feasible, but, comparatively, an easy task. "Captain (now Admiral) W. H. Smyth, of the Royal Navy," he added, "one of the most scientific officers in the service, who was out here for many years surveying, on his return to England represented to the British government that the needle might be easily removed, and at a comparatively small cost."

Mehemet Ali gave to the British this needle, and to the French the obelisk now in Paris. The latter was then upwards of five hundred miles from Alexandria. The French at once set to work to remove their gift, and great as the difficulty was, they accomplished their task gallantly, and set the obelisk up in their beautiful city of Paris, where it adorns the Place de la Concorde.

Admiral Smyth, as already mentioned, on his return to England, called on a minister of state, and expressed regret that no steps had been taken to remove Cleopatra's Needle. He recommended that Lieutenant (now Sir William) Symonds, R.N., who was then harbour-master at Malta, should be charged with the mission, as he, Lieutenant Symonds, was an officer of great ability and energy, and not far away from the spot. The minister, rather captiously and flippantly, demanded whether an Egyptian obelisk in London would not be an anomaly?

To this the admiral replied that Cleopatra's Needle in Waterloo-place, with "Nelson and the Nile" and "Abercrombie and Alexandria," would be as appropriate a reminder for posterity in London as anything that could be done by the Parisians in Paris. The conference was abruptly broken off with these words from the minister: "Oh! I dare say Chantry would cut us one in Aberdeenshire for less money than it would cost to bring the other away." Gonnini de Manoncourt, in his *Voyage dans la Haute et Basse Egypte*, predicts that Pompey's Pillar will only be recognised in after ages as the monument of the French; and for this reason—that the names of the soldiers who fell at the glorious storming of Alexandria were engraved on the column by order of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Since his return to England, the writer has seen a copy of the work of Admiral Smyth to which the officer of the Bengal Engineers alluded. It contains the details of the well-known exploit in connexion with Pompey's Pillar:

The magnificent column generally called Pompey's Pillar was a severe puzzle, since no attention can be given to the vague surmises which have been heaped over its age, object, and story. Here however it is, a standing wonder; for though the moving of so stupendous a block of granite—the largest monolithic column known in the world—from the quarries, is within conjecture, yet the raising of it to the perpendicular is a mechanical mystery—a mystery still further involved in obscurity on recollecting that so vast a mass stands upon a base little more than five feet square, the whole weight having been discovered to rest upon the fragment of an inverted obelisk. The shaft—of the red granite termed Oriental—is in the best style of taste and workmanship, and almost everywhere preserves its original lustre; but the capital, of a different granite, is without polish, and comparatively inferior in taste.

The principal interest which I felt in the matter sprang from an illusive vision, namely, that the column might possibly have been a mark for the north end of the famous degree of the meridian measured by Eratosthenes, an effort as important in astronomical and mathematical science, as the Egyptian monuments themselves are in archaeology. Under the influence of such a notion, and as many of the points of the survey which I was carrying on were of course perceivable from such an elevation, I determined to carry up a theodolite, and reap a round of angles from its summit. As every eye was upon all our movements, I considered that the occasion demanded the utmost smartness and promptitude of which we were capable. Every preparatory arrangement was therefore made, not only as regarded the requisite materials, but also in stationing people to the several subdivisions of the undertaking; and both officers and men engaged in the task with alacrity and cheerfulness.

In the first place, a pair of large paper kites were made on board, and the necessary ropes and hawsers carefully coiled into the boats; and when we were all quite ready, I waited on the Basha to obtain his permission for making the ascent. This, he kindly assured me, I need not have asked; but as I was about to plant marine sentinels on his ground, and it was possible that the crews of the Turkish fleet might prove unruly, I considered his sanction a ne-

cessary prelude. On his Highness' questioning me as to the safety of the instruments during such an operation, I assured him that the means of ascent should be so sure, that I should be much gratified in conducting him up, an invitation which he declined with hearty laughter. On leaving the Serai—from a window of which I had made a concerted signal to the Adventure—I walked through the town, and on the opposite side met my boats landing. The two kites were flying in a moment, nor was it long before one of them conveyed a small line exactly over the capital. With this we hauled up a rope, and with the rope a hawser: a set of shrouds was speedily formed, set up, and well rattled down; and on the following morning I was able to place a very efficient instrument on the summit. In the mean time, such was the density or the turbaned crowd, that it appeared as if all the inhabitants of the city, and the crews of the fleets, had congregated to gaze on our movements; but they quietly toed the ring which we chalked around the pillar, and which was paced by our marines, with fixed bayonets, as steadily as if on their own barrack parade.

On descending when the observations were completed, I saw a young Sidi whom I had known in Tripoli standing in a group of Turkish officers; and, calling to him by name, I invited him to mount the shrouds. He at once accepted the offer, for hundreds of eyes were upon him; and, on his gaining the summit, the pleased spectators saluted him with a hearty round of shouts. At the request of some of the magnates, I allowed the rigging to stand two or three days, during which great numbers of the officers and seamen of the several fleets ascended; and the whole transaction passed in general concord.

Admiral Smyth, however, was not the first to gain the summit of Pompey's Pillar. The feat was first accomplished for a wager more than a hundred years ago by the skipper of an English merchantman. He ascended by means of a kite, and drank a bowl of punch on the capital! The savans of the French expedition mounted in 1798 for scientific purposes. Their ascent was also accomplished by means of a kite. In the *Magasin Pittoresque* for the year 1834, there is an account of this ascent, but it adds nothing to the information afforded in the extract from Admiral Smyth's work. By the way, the writer of the article gives our countrymen the following well-merited "rap on the knuckles":

"Plus récemment, quelques gentilshommes anglais ont inscrit leurs noms ignorés, en lettres d'une longueur démesurée, vers le haut du fût de la colonne. C'est là une malheureuse habitude d'une certaine classe de voyageurs: écrivez votre nom sur le rocher dans l'espoir que quelque jour un ami viendra, s'arrêtera, surpris et ému, et donnera des réveries, des regrets, des larmes à votre mémoire; mais ne portez votre main qu'avec plus de choix et plus de discrétion sur les œuvres qui consacrent de grands noms ou de grands souvenirs: n'en troublez pas la majesté, n'en brisez pas l'unité d'impression, ne cherchez pas à y consacrer de force votre individualité inconnue; respectez ceux qui viendront après vous au même lieu élever leur âme; humiliez votre égoïsme devant les monuments

du génie, comme vous vous taisez dans le silence du temple sous la pensée de Dieu."

For the benefit of those who do not understand French, it may be thus translated:

"Of late years some English gentlemen have inscribed their unknown names, in letters of inordinate length, on the shaft of the pillar. It is an unfortunate habit of a certain class of travellers. Write your name" (if you please) "on the rock, in the hope that one day a friend, should he come, will stop, surprised and touched, and give thoughts, tears, and regrets in memory of you. But be careful how you put your hand on works which consecrate great names and great events, and do not disturb their majesty. Do not break the unity of impression. Do not endeavour, by force, to immortalise upon them your unknown individuality. Respect those who come after you, on the same place, to elevate their souls. Sacrifice your egotism before those monuments of genius, just as you would be silent amidst the silence of the temple devoted to the service of God."

It is greatly to be feared, as well as regretted, that no amount of remonstrance will ever deter some people from indulging in this miserable propensity. If there be no work of art at hand to deface, resort is had, with a diamond ring, to the glass windows of hotels and railway carriages. It is on the sly that they scratch their vulgar names on them, for, if detected in the act, they are liable to be made to pay for the panes they have disfigured. We are prone to laugh at the Americans for their passion for "whittling" with a knife. But is it anything like so obnoxious or so mischievous as this scratching of names on glass with a diamond ring?

Is it ever the intention of the British government to bring to England Cleopatra's Needle? If it be not, surely the suggestion of an American merchant, either that it be given to some other nation, or offered to some first-class showman, ought to be adopted. Why waste it, or worse than waste it? Why suffer it to lie there and be broken to pieces, and bit by bit carried off to adorn the mantelpieces or drawing-room tables of travellers who are brutal enough and vulgar enough to hammer at it? Anything more rational and more worthy of a naval officer of distinction could scarcely be conceived than that proposal of Admiral Smyth, to "bring it home, and have inscribed on its base 'Nelson and the Nile,' 'Abercrombie and Alexandria,'"—that proposal which was met by a remark from a British minister which any British Workman would be ashamed of.

If it be not the intention of the British government to remove the needle, why not inform the present Pasha of Egypt that it is at his disposal? There can be no doubt that he would immediately set his French engineers to work, and have it erected on the spot where it originally stood—the spot where it fell—and where it is now lying at the mercy of vulgar, sacrilegious hands.

Is there no member of the House of Lords or Commons sufficiently interested in this monu-

ment of antiquity to put a question to the government of the day touching its future destiny?

#### A WISH.

FAIR tender flower sure art thou, Jessamine!  
Emblem most meet of wedded Woman's heart,  
That through the livelong day thy fragrance storest  
Precious, within its cells: and when at eve,  
Weary and faint, the toiler homeward hies,  
Cheerest with stealing sweets his languid sense:  
Softenest a spirit sullen grown with care  
To softer meditation!

Such be she

Whose voice, if Heaven deign grant life's chiefest  
boon,  
Shall change my now too solitary hour!

#### LOIS THE WITCH.

##### IN THREE PARTS. PART THE FIRST.

IN the year 1691, Lois Barclay stood on a little wooden pier, steadying herself on the stable land, in much the same manner as, eight or nine weeks ago, she had tried to steady herself on the deck of the rocking ship which had carried her across from Old to New England. It seemed as strange now to be on solid earth as it had been not long ago to be rocked by the sea, both by day and by night; and the aspect of the land was equally strange. The forests which showed in the distance all round, and which in truth were not very far from the wooden houses forming the town of Boston, were of different shades of green, and different, too, in shape of outline to those which Lois Barclay knew well in her old home in Warwickshire. Her heart sank a little as she stood alone, waiting for the captain of the good ship Redemption, the kind rough old sailor, who was her only known friend in this unknown continent. Captain Holderness was busy, however, as she saw, and it would probably be some time before he would be ready to attend to her; so Lois sat down on one of the casks that lay about, and wrapped her grey duffle cloak tight about her, and sheltered herself under her hood as well as might be from the piercing wind, which seemed to follow those whom it had tyrannised over at sea with a dogged wish of still tormenting them on land. Very patiently did Lois sit there, although she was weary, and shivering with cold; for the day was severe for May, and the Redemption, with store of necessities and comforts for the Puritan colonists of New England, was the earliest ship that had ventured across the seas.

How could Lois help thinking of the past, and speculating on the future, as she sat on Boston pier, at this breathing-time of her life? In the dim sea-mist which she gazed upon with aching eyes (filled, against her will, with tears from time to time), there rose the little village church of Barford (not three miles from Warwick, you may see it yet), where her father had preached ever since 1661, long before she was born. Her father and mother both lay dead in

Barford churchyard; and the old low grey church could hardly come before her vision without her seeing the old parsonage too, the cottage covered with Austrian roses, and yellow jessamine, where she had been born, sole child of parents already long past the prime of youth. She saw the path, not a hundred yards long, from the parsonage to the vestry-door: that path which her father trod daily; for the vestry was his study, and the sanctum, where he studied the ponderous tomes of the fathers, and compared their precepts with those of the authorities of the Anglican Church of that day, the day of the later Stuarts; for Barford Parsonage at that time scarcely exceeded in size and dignity the cottages by which it was surrounded, it only contained three rooms on a floor, and was only two stories high. On the first, or ground floor, were the parlour, kitchen, and back, or working kitchen; up-stairs, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay's room, that belonging to Lois, and the maid-servant's room. If a guest came, Lois left her own chamber, and shared old Clemence's bed. But those days were over. Never more should Lois see father or mother on earth; they slept, calm and still, in Barford churchyard, careless of what became of their orphan-child, as far as earthly manifestations of care or love went. And Clemence lay there too; bound down in her grassy grave by withers of the briar-rose which Lois had trained over those three precious graves before leaving England for ever.

There were some who would fain have kept her there; one who swore in his heart a great oath unto the Lord that he would seek her sooner or later, if she was still upon the earth. But he was the rich heir and only son of the Miller Lucy, whose mill stood by the Avon-side in the grassy Barford meadows, and his father looked higher for him than the penniless daughter of Parson Barclay (so low were parsons esteemed in those days!), and the very suspicion of Hugh Lucy's attachment to Lois Barclay made his parents think it more prudent not to offer the orphan a home, although none other of the parishioners had the means, even if they had the will, to do so.

So Lois swallowed her tears down till the time came for crying, and acted upon her mother's words:

"Lois, thy father is dead of this terrible fever, and I am dying. Nay, it is so, though I am easier from pain for these few hours, the Lord be praised. The cruel men of the Commonwealth have left thee very friendless. Thy father's only brother was shot down at Edgehill. I, too, have a brother, though thou hast never heard me speak of him, for he was a schismatic, and thy father and he had words, and he left for that new country beyond the seas without ever saying farewell to us. But Ralph was a kind lad till he took up these new-fangled notions, and for the old days' sake he will take thee in, and love thee as a child, and place thee among his children. Blood is thicker than water. Write to him as soon as I am gone—for, Lois, I am going—and I bless the Lord that has lettered

me join my husband again so soon." (Such was the selfishness of conjugal love; she thought little of Lois's desolation in comparison with her rejoicing over her speedy reunion with her dead husband!) "Write to thine uncle, Ralph Hickson, Salem, New England (put it down, child, on thy tablets), and say that I, Henrietta Barclay, charge him, for the sake of all he holds dear in heaven or on earth, for his salvation's sake, as well as for the sake of the old home at Lester-bridge, for the sake of the father and mother that gave us birth, as well as for the sake of the six little children who lie dead between him and me, that he take thee into his home as if thou wert his own flesh and blood, as indeed thou art. He has a wife and children of his own, and no one need fear having thee, my Lois, my darling, my baby, among his household. Oh, Lois, would that thou wert dying with me! The thought of thee makes death sore!" Lois comforted her mother more than herself, poor child, by promises to obey her dying wishes to the letter, and by expressing hopes she dared not feel of her uncle's kindness.

"Promise me"—the dying woman's breath came harder and harder—"that thou wilt go at once. The money our goods will bring—the letter thy father wrote to Captain Holdernessee, his old schoolfellow—thou knowest all I would say—my Lois, God bless thee!"

Solemnly did Lois promise; strictly she kept her word. It was all the more easy, for Hugh Lucy met her, and told her, in one great burst of love, of his passionate attachment, his vehement struggles with his father, his impotence at present, his hopes and resolves for the future. And intermingled with all this came such outrageous threats and expressions of uncontrolled vehemence, that Lois felt that in Barford she must not linger to be a cause of desperate quarrel between father and son, while her absence might soften down matters so that either the rich old miller might relent, or—and her heart ached to think of the other possibility—Hugh's love might cool, and the dear playfellow of her childhood might learn to forget. If not—if Hugh were to be trusted in one tithe of what he said—God might permit him to fulfil his resolve of coming to seek her out before many years were out. It was all in God's hands, and that was best, thought Lois Barclay.

She was roused out of her trance of recollections by Captain Holdernessee, who, having done all that was necessary in the way of orders and directions to his mate, now came up to her, and, praising her for her quiet patience, he told her that he would now take her to the Widow Smith's, a decent kind of house, where he and many other sailors of the better order were in the habit of lodging during their stay on the New England shores. Widow Smith, he said, had a parlour for herself and her daughters, in which Lois might sit, while he went about the business that he had before told her would detain him in Boston for a day or two before he could accompany her to her uncle's at Salem. All this had

been to a certain degree arranged on shipboard; but Captain Holdernessee, for want of anything else that he could think of to talk about, recapitulated it as he and Lois walked along. It was his way of showing sympathy with the emotion that made her grey eyes full of tears, as she started up from the pier at the sound of his voice. In his heart he said, "Poor wench! poor wench! it's a strange land to her, and they are all strange folks, and I reckon she will be feeling desolate. I'll try and cheer her up." So he talked on about hard facts connected with the life that lay before her until they reached Widow Smith's, and perhaps Lois was more brightened by this style of conversation, and the new ideas it presented to her, than she would have been by the tenderest woman's sympathy.

"They are a queer set, these New Englanders," said Captain Holdernessee. "They are rare chaps for praying; down on their knees at every turn of their life. Folk are none so busy in a new country, else they would have to pray like me, with a 'Yo-hoy!' on each side of my prayers, and a rope cutting like fire through my hand. Yon pilot was for calling us all to thanksgiving for a good voyage, and lucky escape from the pirates; but I said I always put up my thanks on dry land after I had got my ship into harbour. The French colonists, too, are vowing vengeance for the expedition against Canada, and the people here are raging like heathens—at least, as like as godly folk can be—for the loss of their charter. All that is the news the pilot told me; for, for all he wanted us to be thanksgiving instead of casting the lead, he was as down in the mouth as could be about the state of the country. But here we are at Widow Smith's! Now, cheer up, and show the godly a pretty smiling Warwickshire lass!"

Anybody would have smiled at Widow Smith's greeting. She was a comely, motherly woman, dressed in the primmest fashion in vogue twenty years before, in England, among the class to which she belonged. But, somehow, her pleasant face gave the lie to her dress; were it as brown and sober-coloured as could be, folk remembered it bright and cheerful, because it was a part of Widow Smith herself.

She kissed Lois on both cheeks before she rightly understood who the stranger maiden was; only because she was a stranger, and looked sad and forlorn; and then she kissed her again because Captain Holdernessee commended her to the widow's good offices. And so she led Lois by the hand into her rough, substantial log-house, over the door of which hung a great bough of a tree, by way of sign of entertainment for man and horse. Yet not all men were received by Widow Smith. To some she could be as cold and reserved as need be, deaf to all inquiries save one—where else they could find accommodation? To this question she would give a ready answer, and speed the unwelcome guest on his way. Widow Smith was guided in these matters by instinct; one glance at a man's face told her whether or not she chose to have him as an inmate of the same house as her daughters;

and her promptness of decision in these matters, gave her manner a kind of authority which no one liked to disobey, especially as she had stalwart neighbours within call to back her if her assumed deafness in the first instance, and her voice and gesture in the second, were not enough to give the would-be guest his dismissal. Widow Smith chose her customers merely by their physical aspect; not one whit with regard to their apparent worldly circumstances. Those who had been staying at her house once always came again, for she had the knack of making every one beneath her roof comfortable and at his ease. Her daughters, Prudence and Hester, had somewhat of their mother's gifts, but not in such perfection. They reasoned a little upon a stranger's appearance, instead of knowing at the first moment whether they liked him or no; they noticed the indications of his clothes, the quality and cut thereof, as telling somewhat of his station in society; they were more reserved, they hesitated more than their mother; they had not her prompt authority, her happy power. Their bread was not so light, their cream went sometimes to sleep when it should have been turning into butter, their hams were not always "just like the hams of the old country," as their mother's were invariably pronounced to be; yet they were good, orderly, kindly girls, and rose and greeted Lois with a friendly shake of the hand, as their mother, with her arm round the stranger's waist, led her into the private room which she called her parlour. The aspect of this room was strange in the English girl's eyes. The logs of which the house was built showed here and there through the mud plaster, although before both plaster and logs were hung the skins of many curious animals,—skins presented to the widow by many a trader of her acquaintance, just as her sailor guests brought her another description of gift—shells, strings of wampumbeads, sea-birds' eggs, and presents from the old country. The room was more like a small museum of natural history of these days than a parlour; and it had a strange, peculiar, but not unpleasant smell about it, neutralised in some degree by the smoke from the enormous trunk of pinewood which smouldered on the hearth. The instant their mother told them that Captain Holderness was in the outer room, the girls began putting away their spinning-wheel, and knitting-needles, and preparing for a meal of some kind; what meal, Lois, sitting there and unconsciously watching, could hardly tell. First, dough was set to rise for cakes, then came out of a corner cupboard—a present from England—an enormous square bottle of a cordial called Golden Wasser; next, a mill for grinding chocolate—a rare unusual treat anywhere at that time; then a great Cheshire cheese. Three venison steaks were cut ready for broiling, fat cold pork sliced up and treacle poured over it, a great pie something like a mince-pie, but which the daughters spoke of with honour as the "punken-pie," fresh and salt-fish brandered, oysters cooked in various

ways. Lois wondered where would be the end of the provisions for hospitably receiving the strangers from the old country. At length everything was placed on the table, the hot food smoking; but all was cool, not to say cold, before Elder Hawkins (an old neighbour of much repute and standing, who had been invited in by Widow Smith to hear the news) had finished his grace, into which was embodied thanksgivings for the past and prayers for the future lives of every individual present, adapted to their several cases as far as the elder could guess at them from appearances. This grace might not have ended so soon as it did had it not been for the somewhat impatient drumming of his knife-handle on the table with which Captain Holderness accompanied the latter half of the elder's words.

When they first sat down to their meal, all were too hungry for much talking; but as their appetites diminished their curiosity increased, and there was much to be told and heard on both sides. With all the English intelligence Lois was, of course, well acquainted; but she listened with natural attention to all that was said about the new country, the new people among whom she had come to live. Her father had been a Jacobite, as the adherents of the Stuarts were beginning at this time to be called. His father, again, had been a follower of Archbishop Laud; so Lois had hitherto heard little of the conversation, and seen little of the ways of the Puritans. Elder Hawkins was one of the strictest of the strict, and evidently his presence kept the two daughters of the house considerably in awe. But the widow herself was a privileged person; her known goodness of heart (the effects of which had been experienced by many) gave her the liberty of speech which was tacitly denied to many, under penalty of being esteemed ungodly if they infringed certain conventional limits. And Captain Holderness and his mate spoke out their minds, let who would be present. So that on this first landing in New England, Lois was, as it were, gently let down into the midst of the Puritan peculiarities, and yet they were sufficient to make her feel very lonely and strange.

The first subject of conversation was the present state of the colony—Lois soon found out that—although at the beginning she was not a little perplexed by the frequent reference to names of places which she naturally associated with the old country. Widow Smith was speaking: "In county of Essex the folk are ordered to keep four scouts, or companies of minute-men; six persons in each company; to be on the lookout for the wild Indians, who are for ever stirring about in the woods, stealthy brutes as they are! I am sure I got such a fright the first harvest-time after I came over to New England, I go on dreaming, now near twenty years after Lotthrop's business, of painted Indians, with their shaven scalps and their war-streaks, lurking behind the trees, and coming nearer and nearer with their noiseless steps."

"Yes," broke in one of her daughters, "and, mother, don't you remember how Hannah Benson

told us how her husband had cut down every tree near his house at Deerbrook, in order that no one might come near him, under cover; and how one evening she was sitting in the twilight, when all her family were gone to bed, and her husband gone off to Plymouth on business, and she saw a log of wood, just like a trunk of a felled tree lying in the shadow, and thought nothing of it, till, on looking again a while after, she fancied it was come a bit nearer to the house, and how her heart turned sick with fright, and how she dared not stir at first, but shut her eyes while she counted a hundred, and looked again, and the shadow was deeper, but she could see that the log was nearer; so she ran in and bolted the door, and went up to where her eldest lad lay. It was Elijah, and he was but sixteen then; but he rose up at his mother's words, and took his father's long duck-gun down, and he tried the loading, and spoke for the first time to put up a prayer that God would give his aim good guidance, and went to a window that gave upon the side where the log lay, and fired, and no one dared to look what came of it, but all the household read the Scriptures, and prayed the whole night long till morning came, and showed a long stream of blood lying on the grass close by the log, which the full sunlight showed to be no log at all, but just a Red Indian covered with bark, and painted most skilfully, with his war-knife by his side."

All were breathless with listening, though to most the story, or such like it, were familiar. Then another took up the tale of horror:

"And the pirates have been down at Marblehead since you were here, Captain Holderness. 'Twas only the last winter they landed, French Papist pirates, and the people kept close within their houses, for they knew not what would come of it; and they dragged folk ashore. There was one woman among those folk—prisoners from some vessel, doubtless—and the pirates took them by force to the inland marsh; and the Marblehead folk kept still and quiet, every gun loaded, and every ear on the watch, for who knew but what the wild sea-robbers might take a turn on land next; and in the dead of the night they heard a woman's loud and pitiful outcry from the marsh, 'Lord Jesu! have mercy on me! Save me from the power of man, O Lord Jesu!' And the blood of all who heard the cry ran cold with terror, till old Nance Hickson, who had been stone-deaf and bedridden for years, stood up in the midst of the folk all gathered together in her grandson's house, and said that as they, the dwellers in Marblehead, had not had brave hearts or faith enough to go and succour the helpless, that cry of a dying woman should be in their ears, and in their children's ears, till the end of the world. And Nance dropped down dead as soon as she had made an end of speaking, and the pirates set sail from Marblehead at morning dawn; but the folk there hear the cry still, shrill and pitiful, from the waste marshes, 'Lord Jesu! have mercy on me! Save me from the power of man, O Lord Jesu!'"

"And by token," said Elder Hawkins's deep

bass voice, speaking with the strong nasal twang of the Puritans (who, says Butler,

Blasphemed custard through the nose),

"godly Mr. Noyes ordained a fast at Marblehead, and preached a soul-stirring discourse on the words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these little ones, ye did it not unto me.' But it has been borne in upon me at times whether the whole vision of the pirates and the cry of the woman was not a device of Satan's to sift the Marblehead folk, and see what fruit their doctrine bore, and so to condemn them in the sight of the Lord. If it were so, the enemy had a great triumph, for assuredly it was no part of Christian men to leave a helpless woman unaided in her sore distress."

"But, Elder," said Widow Smith, "it was no vision; they were real living men who went ashore, men who broke down branches and left their footmarks on the ground."

"As for that matter, Satan hath many powers, and if it be the day when he is permitted to go about like a roaring lion, he will not stick at trifles, but make his work complete. I tell you many men are spiritual enemies in visible forms, permitted to roam about the waste places of the earth. I myself believe that these Red Indians are indeed the evil creatures of whom we read in Holy Scripture; and there is no doubt that they are in league with those abominable Papists, the French people in Canada. I have heard tell that the French pay the Indians so much gold for every dozen scalps off Englishmen's heads."

"Pretty cheerful talk this," said Captain Holderness to Lois, perceiving her blanched cheek and terror-stricken mien. "Thou art thinking that thou hadst better have stayed at Barford, I'll answer for it, wench. But the devil is not so black as he is painted."

"Ho! there again!" said Elder Hawkins. "The devil is painted, it hath been said so from old times; and are not these Indians painted, even like unto their father?"

"But is it all true?" asked Lois, aside, of Captain Holderness, letting the elder hold forth unheeded by her, though listened to, however, with the utmost reverence by the two daughters of the house.

"My wench," said the old sailor, "thou hast come to a country where there are many perils both from land and from sea. The Indians hate the white men. Whether other white men" (meaning the French away to the north) "have hounded on the savages, or whether the English have taken their lands and hunting-grounds without due recompense, and so raised the cruel vengeance of the wild creatures—who knows? But it is true that it is not safe to go far into the woods for fear of the lurking painted savages; nor has it been safe to build a dwelling far from a settlement; and it takes a brave heart to make a journey from one town to another, and folk do say the Indian creatures rise up out of the very ground to waylay the English; and then others affirm they are all in

league with Satan to affright the Christians out of the heathen country over which he has reigned so long. Then, again, the sea-shore is infested by pirates, the scum of all nations: they land, and plunder, and ravage, and burn, and destroy. Folk get affrighted of the real dangers, and in their fright imagine, perchance, dangers that are not. But who knows? Holy Scripture speaks of witches and wizards, and of the power of the Evil One in desert places; and even in the old country we have heard tell of those who have sold their souls for ever for the little power they get for a few years on earth."

By this time the whole table was silent, listening to the captain; it was just one of those chance silences that sometimes occur, without any apparent reason, and often without any apparent consequence. But all present had reason, before many months had passed over, to remember the words which Lois spoke in answer, although her voice was low, and she only thought, in the interest of the moment, of being heard by her old friend the captain.

"They are fearful creatures, the witches! and yet I am sorry for the poor old women, whilst I dread them. We had one in Barford when I was a little child. No one knew whence she came, but she settled herself down in a mud-hut by the common side; and there she lived, she and her cat." (At the mention of the cat, Elder Hawkins shook his head long and gloomily.) "No one knew how she lived, if it were not on nettles and scraps of oatmeal and such-like food given her more for fear than for pity. She went double, always talking and muttering to herself. Folk said she snared birds and rabbits in the thicket that came down to her hovel. How it came to pass I cannot say, but many a one fell sick in the village, and much cattle died one spring when I was about four years old. I never heard much about it, for my father said it was ill talking about such things; I only know I got a sick fright one afternoon when the maid had gone out for milk and had taken me with her, and we were passing a meadow where the Avon, circling, makes a deep round pool, and there was a crowd of folk, all still—and a still, breathless crowd makes the heart beat worse than a shouting, noisy one. They were all gazing towards the water, and the maid held me up in her arms to see the sight above the shoulders of the people; and I saw old Hannah in the water, her grey hair all streaming down her shoulders, and her face bloody and black with the stones and the mud they had been throwing at her, and her cat tied round her neck. I hid my face, I know, as soon as I saw the fearsome sight, for her eyes met mine as they were glaring with fury—poor, helpless, baited creature!—and she caught the sight of me, and cried out, 'Parson's wench, parson's wench, yonder, in thy nurse's arms, thy dad hath never tried for to save me, and none shall save thee when thou art brought up for a witch.' Oh! the words rang in my ears when I was dropping asleep for years after. I used to dream that I was in that pond, all men hating me with their eyes because I was a witch; and, at times,

her black cat used to seem living again, and say over those dreadful words."

Lois stopped; the two daughters looked at her excitement with a kind of shrinking surprise, for the tears were in her eyes. Elder Hawkins shook his head, and muttered texts from Scripture; but cheerful Widow Smith, not liking the gloomy turn of the conversation, tried to give it a lighter cast by saying, "And I don't doubt but what the parson's bonny lass has bewitched many a one since with her dimples and her pleasant ways—eh, Captain Holdernesse? It's you must tell us tales of this young lass's doings in England."

"Ay, ay," said the captain, "there's one under her charms in Warwickshire who will never get the better of it, I'm thinking."

Elder Hawkins rose to speak; he stood leaning on his hands, which were placed on the table: "Brethren," said he, "I must upbraid you if ye speak lightly; charms and witchcraft are evil things. I trust this maiden hath had nothing to do with them, even in thought. But my mind misgives me at her story. The hellish witch might have power from Satan to infect her mind, she being yet a child, with the deadly sin. Instead of vain talking, I call upon you all to join with me in prayer for this stranger in our land, that her heart may be purged from all iniquity. Let us pray."

"Come, there's no harm in that," said the captain; "but, Elder Hawkins, when you are at work, just pray for us all, for I am afraid there be some of us need purging from iniquity a good deal more than Lois Barelay, and a prayer for a man never does mischief."

Captain Holdernesse had business in Boston which detained him there for a couple of days, and during that time Lois remained with the Widow Smith, seeing what was to be seen of the new land that contained her future home. The letter of her dying mother was sent off to Salem, meanwhile, by a traveller going thither, in order to prepare her Uncle Ralph Hickson for his niece's coming as soon as Captain Holdernesse could find leisure to take her; for he considered her given into his own personal charge until he could consign her to her uncle's care. When the time came for going to Salem, Lois felt very sad at leaving the kindly woman under whose roof she had been staying, and looked back as long as she could see anything of Widow Smith's dwelling. She was packed into a rough kind of country cart which just held her and Captain Holdernesse beside the driver. There was a basket of provisions under their feet, and behind them hung a bag of provender for the horse; for it was a good day's journey to Salem, and the road was reputed so dangerous that it was ill tarrying a minute longer than necessary for refreshment. English roads were bad enough at that period and for long after, but in America the way was simply the cleared ground of the forest; the stumps of the felled trees still remaining in the direct line, forming obstacles, which it required the most careful driving to avoid; and in the hollows, where the

ground was swampy, the pulpy nature of it was obviated by logs of wood laid across the boggy part. The deep green forest, tangled into heavy darkness even thus early in the year, came within a few yards of the road all the way, although efforts were regularly made by the inhabitants of the neighbouring settlements to keep a certain space clear on each side for fear of the lurking Indians, who might otherwise come upon them unawares. The cries of strange birds, the unwonted colour of some of them, all suggested to the imaginative or unaccustomed traveller the idea of war-whoops and painted deadly enemies. But at last they drew near to Salem, which rivalled Boston in size in those days, and boasted the name of one or two streets, although to an English eye they looked rather more like irregularly built houses, clustered round the meeting-house, or rather one of the meeting-houses, for a second was in process of building. The whole place was surrounded with two circles of stockades; between the two were the gardens and grazing ground for those who dreaded their cattle straying into the woods, and the consequent danger of reclaiming them.

The lad who drove them flogged his spent horse into a trot as they went through Salem to Ralph Hickson's house. It was evening, the leisure time for the inhabitants, and their children were at play before the houses. Lois was struck by the beauty of one wee toddling child, and turned to look after it; it caught its little foot in a stump of wood, and fell with a cry that brought the mother out in affright. As she ran out, her eye caught Lois's anxious gaze, although the noise of the heavy wheels drowned the sound of her words of inquiry as to the nature of the hurt the child had received. Nor had Lois time to think long upon the matter, for the instant after, the horse was pulled up at the door of a good, square, substantial, wooden house, plastered over into a creamy white, perhaps as handsome a house as any in Salem; and there she was told by the driver that her uncle, Ralph Hickson, lived. In the flurry of the moment she did not notice, but Captain Holderness did, that no one came out at the unwonted sound of wheels, to receive and welcome her. She was lifted down by the old sailor, and led into a large room, almost like the hall of some English manor-house as to size. A tall, gaunt young man of three or four and twenty sat on a bench by one of the windows, reading a great folio by the fading light of day. He did not rise when they came in, but looked at them with surprise, no gleam of intelligence coming into his stern, dark face. There was no woman in the house-place. Captain Holderness paused a moment, and then said:

"Is this house Ralph Hickson's?"

"It is," said the young man, in a slow, deep voice. But he added no word further.

"This is his niece, Lois Barclay," said the captain, taking the girl's arm, and pushing her forwards. The young man looked at her steadily and gravely for a minute; then rose, and carefully marking the page in the folio

which hitherto had lain open upon his knee, said, still in the same heavy, indifferent manner, "I will call my mother, she will know."

He opened a door which looked into a warm bright kitchen, ruddy with the light of the fire over which three women were apparently engaged in cooking something, while a fourth, an old Indian woman, of a greenish brown colour, shrivelled up and bent with apparent age, moved backwards and forwards, evidently fetching the others the articles they required.

"Mother," said the young man; and having arrested her attention, he pointed over his shoulder to the newly arrived strangers, and returned to the study of his book, from time to time, however, furtively examining Lois from beneath his dark shaggy eyebrows.

A tall, largely made woman, past middle life, came in from the kitchen, and stood reconnoitring the strangers.

Captain Holderness spoke.

"This is Lois Barclay, Master Ralph Hickson's niece."

"I know nothing of her," said the mistress of the house, in a deep voice, almost as masculine as her son's.

"Master Hickson received his sister's letter, did he not? I sent it off myself by a lad named Elias Wellbeloved, who left Boston for this place yester morning."

"Ralph Hickson has received no such letter. He lies bedridden in the chamber beyond. Any letters for him must come through my hands; wherefore I can affirm with certainty that no such letter has been delivered here. His sister Barclay, she that was Henrietta Hickson, and whose husband took the oaths to Charles Stuart, and stuck by his living when all godly men left theirs——"

Lois, who had thought her heart was dead and cold a minute before at the ungracious reception she had met with, felt words come up into her mouth at the implied insult to her father, and spoke out, to her own and the captain's astonishment:

"They might be godly men who left their churches on that day of which you speak, madam; but they alone were not the godly men, and no one has a right to limit true godliness for mere opinion's sake."

"Well said, lass," spoke out the captain, looking round upon her with a kind of admiring wonder, and patting her on the back.

Lois and her aunt gazed into each other's eyes unflinchingly for a minute or two of silence; but the girl felt her colour coming and going while the elder woman's never varied; and the eyes of the young maiden were filling fast with tears, while those of Grace Hickson kept on their stare, dry and unwavering.

"Mother!" said the young man, rising up with a quicker motion than any one had yet used in this house, "it is ill speaking of such matters when my cousin comes first among us. The Lord may give her grace hereafter, but he has travelled from Boston city to-day, and she and this seafaring man must need rest and food."

He did not attend to see the effect of his words, but sat down again, and seemed to be absorbed in his book in an instant. Perhaps he knew that his word was law with his grim mother, for he had hardly ceased speaking before she had pointed to a wooden settle; and smoothing the lines on her countenance, she said, "What Manasseh says is true. Sit down here, while I bid Faith and Nattee get food ready; and meanwhile I will go tell my husband that one who calls herself his sister's child is come over to pay him a visit."

She went to the door leading into the kitchen, and gave some directions to the elder girl, whom Lois now knew to be the daughter of the house. Faith stood impassive, while her mother spoke, scarcely caring to look at the newly arrived strangers. She was like her brother Manasseh in complexion, but had handsomer features, and large, mysterious-looking eyes, as Lois saw, when once she lifted them up, and took in, as it were, the aspect of the sea-captain and her cousin with one swift searching look. About the stiff, tall, angular mother, and the scarcely less pliant figure of the daughter, a girl of twelve years old, or thereabouts, played all manner of impish antics, unheeded by them, as if it were her accustomed habit to peep about, now under their arms, now at this side, now at that, making grimaces all the while at Lois and Captain Holdernes, who sat facing the door, weary, and somewhat disheartened by their reception. The captain pulled out tobacco, and began to chew it by way of consolation; but in a moment or two his usual elasticity of spirit came to his rescue, and he said in a low voice to Lois:

"That scoundrel Elias, I will give it him! If the letter had but been delivered thou wouldst have had a different kind of welcome; but as soon as I have had some victuals I will go out and find the lad, and bring back the letter, and that will make all right, my wench. Nay, don't be down-hearted, for I cannot stand women's tears. Thou'rt just worn out with the shaking and the want of food."

Lois brushed away her tears, and looking round to try and divert her thoughts by fixing them on present objects, she caught her cousin Manasseh's deep-set eyes furtively watching her. It was with no unfriendly gaze, yet it made Lois uncomfortable, particularly as he did not withdraw his looks after he must have seen that she observed him. She was glad when her aunt called her into an inner room to see her uncle, and she escaped from the steady observance of her gloomy, silent cousin.

Ralph Hickson was much older than his wife, and his illness made him look older still. He had never had the force of character that Grace, his spouse, possessed, and age and indisposition had now rendered him almost childish at times. But his nature was affectionate, and stretching out his trembling arms from where he lay bedridden, he gave Lois an unhesitating welcome, never waiting for the confirmation of the missing letter before he acknowledged her to be his niece.

"Oh! 'tis kind in thee to come all across the sea to make acquaintance with thine uncle; kind in Sister Barclay to spare thee!"

Lois had to tell him that there was no one living to miss her at home in England; that in fact she had no home in England, no father nor mother left upon earth; and that she had been bidden by her mother's last words to seek him out, and ask him for a home. Her words came up, half choked, from a heavy heart, and his dulled wits could not take their meaning in without several repetitions; and then he cried like a child, rather at his own loss of a sister, whom he had not seen for more than twenty years, than at that of the orphan's standing before him, trying hard not to cry, but to start bravely in this new strange home. What most of all helped Lois in her self-restraint was her aunt's unsympathetic look. Born and bred in New England, Grace Hickson had a kind of jealous dislike to her husband's English relations, which had increased since of late years his weakened mind yearned after them, and he forgot the good reason he had had for his self-exile, and moaned over the decision which had led to it as the great mistake of his life. "Come," said she, "it strikes me that in all this sorrow for the loss of one who died full of years ye are forgetting in Whose hands life and death are!"

True words, but ill-spoken at that time. Lois looked up at her with a scarcely disguised indignation; which increased as she heard the contemptuous tone in which her aunt went on talking to Elias Hickson, even while she was arranging his bed with a regard to his greater comfort.

"One would think thou wert a godless man by the moan thou art always making over spilt milk, and truth is, thou art but childish in thine old age. When we were wed, thou left all things to the Lord; I would never have married thee else. Nay, lass," said she, catching the expression on Lois's face, "thou art never going to brow-beat me with thine angry looks. I do my duty as I read it, and there is never a man in Salem that dare speak a word to Grace Hickson about either her works or her faith. Godly Mr. Cotton Mather hath said that even he might learn of me; and I would advise thee rather to humble thyself, and see if the Lord may not convert thee from thy ways, since he has sent thee to dwell, as it were, in Zion, where the precious dew falls daily on Aaron's beard."

Lois felt ashamed and sorry to find that her aunt had so truly interpreted the momentary expression of her features; she blamed herself a little for the feeling that had caused that expression, trying to think how much her aunt might have been troubled with something before the unexpected irruption of the strangers, and again hoping that the remembrance of this little misunderstanding would soon pass away. So she endeavoured to reassure herself, and not to give way at her uncle's tender trembling pressure of her hand, as, at her aunt's bidding, she wished him good night, and returned into the outer, or

"keeping"-room, where all the family were now assembled, ready for the meal of flour cakes and venison steaks which Nattee, the Indian servant, was bringing in from the kitchen. No one seemed to have been speaking to Captain Holderness while Lois had been away. Manasseh sat quiet and silent where he did, with the book open upon his knee, his eyes thoughtfully fixed on vacancy, as if he saw a vision, or dreamed dreams. Faith stood by the table, lazily directing Nattee in her preparations; and Prudence lolled against the door-frame, between kitchen and keeping-room, playing tricks on the old Indian woman as she passed backwards and forwards, till Nattee appeared to be in a strong state of expressed irritation, which she tried in vain to repress, as whenever she showed any sign of it Prudence only seemed excited to greater mischief. When all was ready, Manasseh lifted his right hand, and "asked a blessing," as it was termed; but the grace became a long prayer for abstract spiritual blessings, for strength to combat Satan, and to quench his fiery darts, and at length assumed, so Lois thought, a purely personal character, as if the young man had forgotten the occasion, and even the people present, but was searching into the nature of the diseases that beset his own sick soul, and spreading them out before the Lord. He was brought back by a pluck at the coat from Prudence; he opened his shut eyes, cast an angry glance at the child, who made a face at him for all reply, and then he sat down, and they all fell to. Grace Hickson would have thought her hospitality sadly at fault if she had allowed Captain Holderness to go out in search of a bed. Skins were spread for him on the floor of the keeping-room; a Bible, and a square bottle of spirits were placed on the table to supply his wants during the night; and in spite of all the cares and troubles, temptations, or sins of the members of that household, they were all asleep before the town-clock struck ten.

In the morning, the captain's first care was to go out in search of the boy Elias, and the missing letter. He met the boy bringing it with an easy conscience, for, thought Elias, a few hours sooner or later will make no difference; to-night or the morrow morning will be all the same. But he was startled into a sense of wrong-doing by a sound box on the ears from the very man who had charged him to deliver it speedily, and whom he believed to be at that very moment in Boston city.

The letter delivered, all possible proof being given that Lois had a right to claim a home from her nearest relations, Captain Holderness thought it best to take leave.

"Thou'lt take to them, lass, maybe, when there is no one here to make thee think on the old country. Nay, nay! parting is hard work at all times, and best get hard work done out of hand. Keep up thine heart, my wench, and I'll come back and see thee next spring, if we are all spared till then; and who knows what fine young miller mayn't come with me? Don't go

and get wed to a praying Puritan, meanwhile. There, there—I'm off! God bless thee!" And Lois was left alone in New England.

### AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL.

It is a pleasant way of the world that little can be done without enthusiasm. Though a work-a-day world full of men always afoot, and treading down the new thoughts of to-day into the common-places of to-morrow; though a prosy world, of which most inmates are content simply to jog along roads made by the few and accepted by the many, can never be a dull world. There may be a great many dull people in the numerous constituency by which representative men are placed in their seats; but a representative man, be he wise or stupid, can on no account be dull, though he may be, to an unlimited extent, ridiculous. When some new thought has to be pushed into notice, it is requisite that, by it and about it, the discoverer should, more or less, be crazed. The balance of his mind must be so far overturned as to ensure his belief in the paramount importance of the one particular idea. He must dream of it when sleeping, and discourse on it waking, in the street or the house, sitting or standing, riding or walking, full or hungry, in presence of one torpid listener or of an eager crowd, he must pound up his idea with his talk, so that whatever word he shall speak smells and tastes of it. Let the judge of a work pray for a well-balanced mind; but let the doer thereof put his whole weight on the top, and leave for the time being all the rest of the earth's inhabitants alone to manage all the rest of their affairs.

Thus it happens that there is a side from which almost every original man who has a special work of his own finding to do and means to do it, may be met with ridicule. Enthusiasm implies want of balance in the mind, yet the world's work is only to be done by help of enthusiasm. Every great teacher, every great inventor, has been an enthusiast.

Herr Johannes Ronge and Madame, his wife, are known as enthusiasts for the introduction into this country of Froebel's system of infant gardens. They uphold their system as if mothers could not love their children without Froebel's help, and as if there were no gate into intellectual life, so truly the Gate Beautiful, as that which is built by "stick-laying, plaiting, and pea work." The young they teach, and, to the old, they preach. They are not idle for an hour; they look at nothing but the work before them. Let each bride take from them as her dowry a few large intersected dice, a box of matches, wanting only phosphorus and sulphur to become to the outward eye as to the wit they are already, lucifers; add hereunto a quire of coloured paper, a handful of clay, and a plate of peas; let her receive these gifts with understanding, and the burden of men's lives will become light, all children will presently be joyous, and all men and women wise.

The gifts, however, are to be received with understanding; there must be a certain soul

put into the sticks and straws, that are the material part of a child's education. Take away the animating mind, and there is nothing that we may not laugh at in the mechanical part of the Infant Garden system. On the other hand there is a class of sincere men who, looking to its spirit only, grieve over it as godless, because it does not recognise original corruption in the child. Froebel and his disciples have based all their labour on a love of children, like that of the Master who set up a little child as pattern to us. Heresy or not, faith in the child, and a firm trust in its natural affections, are at the bottom of the doctrine which it is the business of the Herr and the Frau Ronge to disseminate in England. We are to put our hearts into the belief that every child is sent from Heaven, which appoints for it a first school upon earth, in the mother's lap and by the mother's knee. We are called upon to assent, not passively, but actively, to the fact that mothers have to begin the education of mankind—that all mothers are teachers of evil if not of good. Women have an instinct for teaching given to them. The little girl in the nursery is quite ready to set herself up as guide and monitress to brothers two or three years older than herself; girls become mentors at a very early age, and how many husbands are kept in good order by the love of training that is in the nature of their wives! It makes of the ill-natured and ill-bred, a scold or a busybody; but of a right woman the wholesomest of friends. According to the promoters of the Infant Gardens, "woman's mission" is to teach. The unmarried may help the married. If any unmarried woman can say that she does not like children, or that she finds teaching irksome, then there must have been some great defect in her own education; perhaps, also, she does not attempt to teach in the right manner, or her efforts are not met in the right spirit by those whose duty it is, and whose pleasure it ought to be, to encourage her with helpful ways and thankful words. If, indeed, the mother herself were always the first teacher of good to a child, she would know what love and happy patience any woman must use who attempts to aid her in her office; she would know that the value of a teacher is not tested by the accuracy of her French pronunciation, or the firmness of her touch on a piano. The question is, what is her touch upon that most exquisite of instruments, the heart of a young child? For upon that there is no hour of the day in which she does not play, and she had better break every string in the piano than put that out of tune by her unskilful handling. But where so much of the skill is simply love and the calm womanly instinct that reaches to as good conclusions as the best male treatise upon ethics, it must be the height of stupidity in any mother who has called for woman's help in education of her children, to chill in that woman the impulses of love, to wound the instincts on whose healthy action the well-being of her little ones depends.

The promoters of the Infant Gardens bid us trust in mothers, and endeavour to show girls

the way to a sort of knowledge that shall make them in due time able to give thorough help to children of their own. Therefore, they are beginning to associate with their infant training system, Higher Schools and Ladies' Schools.

Fourteen years ago, Herr Ronge first organised schools in Germany upon the principle of direct co-operation between parents and teachers. During the first four years of his labour, that is to say, until the year 'forty-nine, many such schools were formed, especially in the large towns where there were Reform Communities bent upon developing in every way their guiding principle. Teacher and reformer were alike bent upon respecting the individual character of every one, and removing all unjust restraints upon its growth. With more or less of zeal, they strove in Germany against the Jesuit and the diplomatist, whose care it was to trim men closely to one pattern in the Church and in the State. Against the astuteness of these people, the new school of teachers proposed to bring into action something more invincible than they—a simple mother's love. It was said, Let mothers but know how to watch over the free and wholesome energy of children's minds; let little ones be trained to freedom in their earliest movements, and taught to acquire their earliest ideas by thinking for themselves; let them be, in the child's way, active and reasonable, and in their manhood who shall make them slaves? Therefore, these German Reform Communities were at the same time educational societies; each of them had a yearly election of its managing committee, and a quarterly meeting for report and discussion. There were founded also by Herr Ronge, Ladies' Societies composed of mothers who were not disposed or able to join any association having objects more remote than the immediate training of the young. The establishing of some very excellent schools was the result of these efforts.

There followed the reaction of the year 'fifty and Herr Ronge's exile. He brought his good thoughts with him to England, and his energy never abated. There was a new language to learn and an old effort to maintain by help of it. Avoiding all that was sectarian in its form, regarding it purely in Froebel's light as a means of bringing women and young children into the happiest and wholesomest relations with each other as teachers and taught, the sturdy labourer for genuine and individual development of every mind, became our apostle of the Kindergarten system, with his wife at his right hand helping him with all a woman's tact, and with much more than average ability. It is she who has conspicuously shown, by successful practice, the good sense of the educational doctrine that her husband has so long been preaching.

After a couple of years' effort with his English Kindergarten, Mr. Ronge proceeded to another part of his old scheme and organised, in 'fifty-three, a religious Reform Community; the members of which yielded a working committee after a few months. This committee helped in the foundation of a training school, but as the special aim of its religious effort is to be itself of no

sect, and to favour to the utmost free growth among men in heart, and mind, and soul—to cherish a sound spirit of inquiry under a firm trust in the Divine goodness—it is not likely to preach any religious doctrine that will be regarded, outside the pale of the Roman Church, as heresy in England. The parents of the children in the Kindergarten schools are their committees, which have stated periods of meeting, and an active oversight over all details of instruction.

In Manchester, the Kindergarten system has been received with emphatic favour. There is a successful Kindergarten and a training school; it is expected, also, that new schools upon this principle will be established there before the setting in of winter. Ladies of the best families have sought and obtained from Madame Ronge private instruction in a system of education curiously fitted to develop happily the minds of little people in accordance with the instincts that were certainly not given to be defied and crushed. They have obtained its help for their own nurseries, not willing to delegate wholly to strangers one of the first duties of the mother. Many governesses, also, have been trained, and for many more the ready means of training are provided. It is accepted widely among the best recommendations of a nursery governess that she takes pleasure in her work, and has been studying the Kindergarten system. In Leeds and other large towns the new method has been received with favour. Books and apparatus for the Kindergarten have been ordered for the most distant colonies—they have been sent to India and to Australia; they are used in teaching children of the poor, they have been supplied, also, to the royal nursery.

To the teachers' classes in Tavistock-place it is proposed now to add, as further development of the original plan, a high school for young ladies. Literature, science, and the peculiar duties of a woman's life, will be remembered in the discipline. Even in the scheme of this school, also, stress is laid upon the active management of parents. Throughout the system there is shown a strong desire to break down the old faith of parents that a son or a daughter, sent to school, is, as to that matter, done with till the holidays. Everything is made to tend towards a closer knitting of the household bond. There is full honour of the nature of the young, earnest desire for the free growth of all good energies that they possess, and a solemn, constant recognition of the relation between parent and child, which, after all, is that of a teacher and a pupil in its highest and best—or in its worst—human form.

#### CARTOUCHE ON THE STAGE.

THE famous Parisian robber, Cartouche, has several times been produced upon the French stage. His last appearance was at the Ambigu-Comique, in a five-act drama by Messieurs Denney and Dugué, the hero of which might just as well have been denominated Fra Diavolo or Jose-Maria. The piece may have brought money into the treasury, but it was utterly at

variance with truth, and even with probability. The real Cartouche was a little, thin, wiry, leathery man, not five feet high; the stage Cartouche was Frederick Lemaitre in all the fulness of his proportions and the force of his lungs. In the three hundred and sixty-six files of papers which have been preserved relative to Cartouche's band of robbers, mention is made of very diverse objects stolen—only once of a stolen watch. Doubtless, watches existed at that epoch (seventeen hundred and twenty-one), but they were very rare. Geneva was then sole watchmaker to the universe, and did not turn out more than five thousand watches a year. The first scene of M. Denney's Cartouche opens with the theft of a watch. The dramatis personæ are made to observe that the brigand chief is always punctual, because he wears the best of watches. Watches are alluded to twenty times in the play. In the sixth scene, Cartouche comes back from London, where he never set foot; and he talks of nabobs at a period when both the word and the thing had no existence. Another character asks the way to the barracks (still in seventeen hundred and twenty-one); he might as well have asked the way to the railway station.

A strong protest has been lately made against these and other anachronisms and absurdities, by M. Barthélemy Maurice, who has written an authentic and exceedingly interesting history of Cartouche (*Cartouche, Histoire Authentique*), founded on six months' labour, devoted to the consultation of original documents in the libraries and archives of Paris. M. Maurice not only gives us a most striking sketch of the state of society at that epoch in the French capital, but he also acquaints us with the very curious means employed, while Cartouche was still a living and a breathing man, to set his image on the stage with perfect exactness.

It should be premised that, at that date, criminals were very easily visited; if they were great criminals, it was the fashion to visit them. Their friends, acquaintances, or well-wishers, came backwards and forwards to see them and bring them presents of money and other means of creature-comfort. Great ladies were not deterred by any nice scruples from going, or sending, to imprisoned murderers. Cartouche did not want for visitors, and especially for visitresses. Every lady who had any connexion with the court, slight or intimate, every lady who had the good luck to be acquainted with a counsellor, an attorney, or a huissier or bailiff, solicited, and sometimes paid dear for, the favour of seeing Cartouche in his dungeon. He was the lion of the day, but the lion in chains. It is stated that the Regent himself came, dressed up like a coarse wholesale dealer; which did not prevent Cartouche from recognising him, if only from the obsequious politeness of the gaoler and the turnkeys. Madame la Maréchale de Boufflers also paid him a visit, and gave him eight-and-forty francs, an odd sum in every sense of the word, and little enough for her to offer, seeing that she had

received considerably more than its equivalent. With this lady's visit is connected an episode.

Apocryphal biographers, speaking of Cartouche's amours, gave him credit for finding favour with some few ladies of rank; for which the only real approach to a foundation is his adventure with this very Madame de Boufflers. Towards the close of his career, when he was at the height of his glory, and consequently exposed to the greatest dangers, Cartouche was so hunted and harassed by his pursuers, that he knew not where to lay his head. With hundreds of thousands of francs at his disposal, a safe bed was often next to impossible to find: hence various expedients to obtain a night's lodging.

In the July which preceded his execution in November, Madame de Boufflers, residing in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, had left her bedroom window open on account of the heat, and was proceeding to undress for the night. Suddenly, without being warned by the slightest noise, she beheld a young man—Cartouche's career was cut short at twenty-eight—dressed in the height of fashion, climb over the balcony and jump into the chamber, exactly like a lover at the Opéra-Comique. At first, the great lady mistook the character of her visitor.

"Monsieur—what is the meaning of—this strange proceeding?"

"A thousand pardons, Madame la Maréchale; I am certain that you are acquainted with me—at least by reputation. You see before you Louis-Dominique Cartouche; you will excuse my entering into any further particulars. And now, attention: not a word, not a motion! I have entered alone, but your hotel is surrounded in all directions. Nevertheless, you have nothing to fear; it is no evil design which has brought me to your house. I only wish to become your debtor for a twofold benefit—for a good supper and the pleasure of sleeping in a good bed, which is a pleasure I have not enjoyed for many a day. There, make yourself quite at ease. You are a sensible woman; only grant my little request, and I give you my word of honour that no violence—"  
Seeing the lady's alarm subside, he added: "We are agreed—are we not? You are an angel: besides, you see these." And opening his coat, he displayed half a dozen English pistols. "Do not constrain me to make use of them. I will hide myself behind this curtain; order some supper to be brought up here, and tell your maid to go and sleep wherever suits her best. Her bed is in this cabinet; I know your house better than the man who built it. I shall be quite satisfied with that little bed, I promise you. As I told you, I particularly want a good night's rest. Come, do it at once; remember that I am behind the curtain. I shall wait there while your orders are given."

The Maréchale rang the bell; the footman brought a handsome repast, and retired, wondering that their mistress should eat a second supper, which appeared likely to be a hearty one. As to Mademoiselle Justine, having received permission to pass the evening elsewhere, she did not make her appearance at all. She was

"affiliée"—enrolled in the gang—and had no difficulty in finding, at the corner of the street, her friend Belle-Humeur, a soldier in the Garde-Française, whose duty was to watch over his captain's safety.

The supper was gay—so gay that at last Madame la Maréchale took part in it, although, of course, there was only a single glass and a single knife and fork to make use of. Collectors of scandal, who might think the present a good opportunity, are met by a simple chronological statement. In the month of July, seventeen hundred and twenty-one, the widow of Louis-François, Duc de Boufflers, Peer and Maréchal of France, not less illustrious for the retreat of Malplaquet than for the defence of Lille, the good-natured and clever Maréchale was somewhat on the wrong side of sixty. Cartouche thoroughly enjoyed his supper, and pronounced everything exquisite, except the champagne. Next morning, therefore, wishing to show not only his gratitude but his connoisseurship, he sent the Maréchale a hundred bottles of first-rate quality, which he had had abstracted, by his locksmith Patapon, from the cellar of a financier, the father of the Pâris-Duverneys. The destination of the lost champagne having afterwards been revealed by the confession of the said Patapon on the rack, the financier brought an action against the Maréchale for the payment of the value of his wine. Madame de Boufflers defended the suit, pleading that she had fairly earned her wine. The judges were of her opinion.

This present of champagne was not the only way in which Cartouche testified his gratitude. Some time afterwards, when his people had stopped the Maréchale's carriage one evening in the Rue du Cherche-Midi, he recognised her livery. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to-day, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond which had been snatched a week before from that of Madame de Phalaris, who never saw it again. Truly, if Madame de Boufflers kept these very questionable gifts, she might, when she visited him in his tribulation, have offered a somewhat more liberal return than a couple of louis of twenty-four francs each.

More extraordinary visitors than the ladies and the Regent came. Measures were taken to exhibit at the same time in two Parisian theatres, with the approbation and permission of the authorities, the still living man whom the rack and the wheel were awaiting, and who, after all, was not yet condemned. For this purpose, they several times introduced into his dungeon the author and the principal actor of both the pieces; that is to say, for the Théâtre-Italien, Louis Riccoboni and Thomassin, whose real names were Tomaso Antonio Vicentini; and for the Théâtre-Français, Marc-Antoine Legrand and Maurice Quinault, both of them partners in the society of management.

In the interrogatory which he underwent on the sixteenth of December, seventeen hundred and twenty-one, Legrand avows that, having

been introduced by the lieutenant-criminel, together with his comrade, Maurice Quinault, into Cartouche's dungeon, he read to the prisoner the manuscript of his piece, and received from him several counsels by which he profited. That he noticed upon a table near him several twenty-five sou pieces, and that he asked him if he were in want of money; at which Cartouche answered that he was, because money served him to drink with his keepers, who were put to a great deal of trouble and inconvenience on his account. That, as for the rest, he did not complain of his food and drink, but only of his bed, which consisted of five bunches of straw. Legrand added, that M. the Lieutenant-criminel testified a desire to read the manuscript, because he was too busy preparing for the trial to go to the theatre and see the comedy acted, and that three days afterwards he had the honour of offering him (il lui fit hommage) a very handsome copy.

This was pretty well—or pretty ill; but in his last confession, in his testament de mort, as it was called, Balagny, one of Cartouche's confederates (a young man only twenty years of age, who was "broken" on the twenty-third of December), gave a much more explicit account of what occurred. "You know," he said, "that while the case for the prosecution was being got up, M. the Lieutenant-criminel and M. the Procureur du Roi (the king's attorney) dined and slept every day at the Châtelet, in a chamber over the gaoler's room. One day they came into my room with their napkins under their arm, with the air of people who had been enjoying a good dinner. They were accompanied by gentlemen in black coats, whom they told me were M. Legrand, the author of a piece entitled Cartouche, and M. Quinault, who had to fill the part of my unhappy comrade. They then sent for Cartouche himself, and after they had treated us to refreshments, they begged us to execute some thieves' tricks before them and to talk slang, which we willingly did. The two actors took notes of the slang, and repeated the tricks one by one as we performed them. At last the Procureur du Roi and the Lieutenant-criminel joined the game, and tried to "do" a handkerchief, a watch, and a snuff-box, at first badly enough, but afterwards a little better. Cartouche even declared that M. the Lieutenant-criminel had capabilities, and that if taken young, as he had been, he might have done something. We all laughed a great deal, and passed an excellent evening."

Barbier, who kept a journal at that period, which has been preserved, relates the story in nearly the same terms, and then adds: "It must be confessed that this is very indecent!" Afterwards he mentions the gossip that Parliament had had "the littleness" to send for these two worthy officials and reprimand them for having exhibited Cartouche in prison to such crowds of people. Cartouche was arrested on the fourteenth of October; on the twentieth, he figured, by proxy, on the stage. The *Mercury* de France records the first performance of "Arlequin-Cartouche, an Italian comedy in five acts, with

no other dénouement than the capture of the robber. It is a set of thieves' tricks, out of which several scenes have been composed and hurriedly put together, in order to forestall another piece bearing the same title which has been announced on the bills of the Théâtre Français. This comedy was performed, for the first time, on Monday, the twentieth of October, at the theatre of the Palais Royal. It was withdrawn after thirteen crowded representations, on the eleventh of November. Although it is a piece which consists entirely of action, we should not have failed to give some account of the principal scenes, in order to convey some idea of the piece to those who have not seen it; but respectable persons, to whose opinion we willingly submit, have counselled us not to enter into any such detail." These "respectable persons" are very annoying; they have put a stopper on the curiosity of posterity; for Barbier's journal is not more explicit. "Arlequin," he says, "who is very simple and a good actor, performs a hundred tricks of *pas-se-passe* or *legerdemain*." But in what those tricks consisted we shall probably never know. The authors of the *Comédie Italienne* only sketched out the canvas of their pieces, and left the dialogue to the imagination of the actors. Those only of their pieces were printed which had commanded a long success; and as this one was interrupted at the thirteenth performance, it is probable that it was never printed—at least, bibliomaniacs have hitherto been unable to ferret it out.

The authors and actors of the *Comédie Italienne* were quite in the right to make haste; their competitor's piece had been written two years, and what is more, had received the royal approval. "From the fifteenth of March, privilege of the king accorded to the Sieur Legrand, one of his ordinary comedians, to have printed a work of his composition, entitled *le R. de C. (The Royaume; or, the Règne of Cartouche)*, and other works, both those which he has already composed, and those which he may compose hereafter." The permission to print did not carry with it the permission to act. The censorship, perceiving that the piece was a satire on the agents employed to take Cartouche, delayed its approbation until the bandit's actual capture should be effected, for which they had to wait more than two years. This took place on the fourteenth of October, seventeen hundred and twenty-one; and two days afterwards we find at the bottom of Legrand's manuscript, "Seen, and permitted to be represented."

Barbier thus expresses his opinion of these proceedings: "On Tuesday, the twenty-first, they played at the *Comédie Française*, Cartouche, a little piece written by Legrand, tolerably pretty; an astonishing number of people go to see it. For the rest, people of good sense will take it ill that they should allow the representation, on the stage, of a man who actually exists, who is interrogated (which is equivalent to being tried) every day, and whose end will be to be 'wheeled' (*roulé*) alive. It is not decent." A few days after the execution, he adds: "To complete

the height of impertinence, the little comedy of *Cartouche* is printed. I bought it, together with the sentence of the criminals to be broken alive, in order to serve as testimonies of the foolish things that are done in this country. The public were so impatient to see this piece the first day of its performance, that the actors could not finish the first scene of *Esop at Court*, which ought to have been played first. The management was obliged to stop it, and yield to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for *Cartouche*. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of *Cartouche* to the comedy of *Esop at Court*? It must be allowed, however, that the *Sieur Legrand*, comedian to the king, the author of this little piece, has turned his subject, low of itself and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pleasantries or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in *Cartouche's* life, whom he went to see in prison, and with whom he had long conversations, in order to become better acquainted with the circumstances respecting his career, and to be able to paint his character after nature. This comedy was composed before *Cartouche's* capture, under the title of *The Thieves*; or, the *Untakable Man*. The comedians did not receive permission to play it, because it seemed an attack on the multitude of persons who were ordered to take *Cartouche*, and could not. We will not enter into this subject, for the reasons we have already stated."

Of the whole piece he only gives the couplets which were sung at the end, apparently because they have nothing whatever to do with *Cartouche* and his adventures. M. Maurice, however, having disinterred this literary curiosity, reprints it entire and textually, and recommends it for revival to the managers of the second-rate Parisian theatres, as an excellent and promising speculation. In case of its being reproduced there—perhaps even without that eventuality—we have a chance of seeing it on this side of the water. If somebody must be robbed for dramatic purposes, the robbers may as well plunder a dead and gone playwright as pervert and distort half-finished continuous tales by their helpless contemporaries. *Legrand's* performance is extremely comic, a good acting piece, and still better to read in the chimney-corner. *Legrand* himself, like *Molière*, was both an author and an actor, and was born in Paris on the very day of the decease of his illustrious predecessor, namely, the seventeenth of February, sixteen hundred and seventy-three. He has scarcely written any but occasional pieces; if you once admit this style of writing to take literary rank, the comedy of *Cartouche* is entitled to all praise, though it does seem strange that its concluding *divertissement*, comprising the musicians, the dancers, and the guests at the wedding, should

have been submitted to the approval of an unhappy wretch who was only a few short days from the rack and the wheel.

A still stranger fact would have been the presence of *Cartouche* at the play, to see himself represented in character, which was not very far from happening. *Legrand* would hardly have refused him a ticket; at least, he owed him that in default of the three hundred francs which the biographers say he gave out of his dramatic author's rights. We have seen that his generosity was limited to a few pieces of five-and-twenty sous. The piece must have brought a large influx of cash to the theatre, for hundreds of spectators were turned away from the doors every time it was played, namely, up to the eleventh of November, when the performance was suddenly stopped by the authorities. It has never since been acted, which greatly increases the chances of success for the dramatic cobbles of the present day.

It was in the night between Monday and Tuesday that *Cartouche* took it into his head to go and see himself figuring by deputy upon the boards. He was confined in a dungeon with another man who, by chance, was a mason, and who was not bound. They made a hole into a sewerage tube, and dropped down into it without any inconvenience, because the water of the river passed through it and carried off everything. They removed a very large hewn stone and entered the cellar of a fruiterer, whose shop opened under the arcade. The mason had obtained possession of an iron bar in the course of his demolition of the sewer. From the cellar they mounted to the fruiterer's shop, which was only fastened with a small bolt inside; but it was too dark for them to see that. Unluckily for them there was a dog in the shop, who barked as dogs ought to bark at the sight of house-breakers. The servant-girl got up when she heard the noise, and shouted "Thieves!" out of the window with all her might and main. The master fruiterer came down with a light, and would have allowed his visitors to walk off quietly; but, again unluckily, four archers of the watch, who were leaving their beat, entered the shop to drink a glass of brandy. They recognised *Cartouche*, who had chains on his hands and feet, and they took him back to prison by the front gates. The gaolers were in a terrible fright when they saw him. The philanthropic fruiterer made a mint of money by showing the hole in the cellar to the gossips of Paris.

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